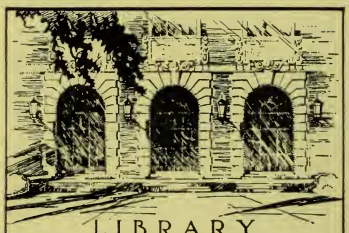
In Memoriam.



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A MEMORIAL

TO THE

Rev. Orlando Burdett Stone

PREPARED BY HIS WIFE

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
1889

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THIRTY-SEVEN years have passed since on the morning of the 8th of October, 1851, my life was united with that of the subject of this Memorial. How swiftly they have flown, freighted with their changeful scenes, eastward and westward; laden with joys; busy with sowing and reaping; blessed with new lives intrusted to us, and hopes in which we were all sharers. Strange that we two must share pain and helplessness also, but so our Father ordered, and He who led us into the shadows gave also his rod and his staff to comfort us.

Now all is changed. He, the companion of my life, is gone from us. I look at the empty sofa, and at the empty chair, and know he will never fill them again. Love could not stay the tide of disease; could not assuage suffering; nor could it shut out the pale, grim messenger; nay, rather love has followed the freed spirit into the unseen and rejoiced in his unspeakable joy; has felt his happiness in greeting loved ones, and has shared with him the rapturous gaze upon the face of Him, without whose presence, there would be no heaven. To me there are two lives now, for I seem scarcely to be sundered in spirit from him who has been summoned hence, and yet am still earthly, with earthly lives about me, upon whom my own life should fall as a blessing.

Received 7 Je 40 Dale Putnam

It is partly with the hope that I may contribute a little to such a result in the gratification and profit of friends, that this brief Memorial Volume is prepared. The review has been

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fraught with pleasure to the one that is left, who now prays that this many-sided aspect of a life, consecrated to the good of others, may serve to prolong his influence, and the remembrances prove a benediction, fragrant to the glory of God.

ORLANDO B. STONE was born in Homer, N. Y., September 24, 1823. He received a religious training from pious parents, and while a child listened to the earnest preaching of the Rev. Alfred Bennett. The Spirit of God from time to time impressed his heart, wooing him to Christ's service. At the age of sixteen the surrender was made, and yet almost immediately doubts and fears beset him. For two years he groped in darkness, when he decided to act upon the light he had received and was baptized by Rev. Edward Bright, then pastor of the Homer church —now Dr. Bright of the *Examiner*. With this decision came others. One was that he would always speak or pray in the prayer-meeting if there was opportunity. Very soon another matured—that he would acquire an education, whatever it might cost him, and enter the ministry, God willing. His father died while he was yet sixteen, leaving on him the care of a farm, an invalid mother and eight younger children. While thus working the farm, he studied while others rested, at noon and till eleven at night, and after spending less than eighteen months in Homer Academy, entered the sophomore year of Madison University in the fall of 1847, graduating in 1850. The same year he entered Rochester Theological Seminary. While there he supplied the church in Attica about two years, preparing two sermons each week. He was married on the 8th of October, 1851, and on the following Sabbath commenced his work in Xenia, Ohio. In the following March he was ordained, Dr. D B. Cheney, then of Columbus, preaching his ordination sermon. All through his course of study he had the foreign mission work in view. Insurmountable obstacles prevented the realization of this wish. Now a very precious work of grace attended his labors, but he felt he was only tarrying there for further indica-

tions of God's will. These came in repeated and pressing invitations to enter the home missions service, and resulted in our sailing as home missionaries to California, in December, 1853. His first pastorate was in a mining town, Nevada City, and his first work there was to harmonize elements, organize a church and commence the erection of a house of worship. Here, as it seemed to the writer, he laid himself anew upon God's altar with the absorbing desire to accomplish as much for the cause of Christ as life and strength would permit. And this one object never forsook him. It was a place for pioneer work. Hardships and difficulties beset him. The church was built, burned and rebuilt. He frequently visited the mining towns, sometimes preaching in the gambling-saloons, with the card-table for a pulpit, but always listened to respectfully. In Grass Valley, four miles away, he organized a mission church, where a third service was held every Sabbath. Thus four years were spent.

An earnest call from the valley now reached him, and in January, 1858, he left the mountains and commenced a pastorate in San Jose. There, also, his first work after rallying the church was to build a church edifice, which was of brick, entirely paid for and, at that time, the best in the city. In Santa Clara, three miles away, he organized a church and built a house of worship for them. These two fields occupied his time and efforts on the Sabbath, in prayer-meetings, pastoral work and revival seasons for six years.

In March, 1864, we sailed again, homeward bound. The next three years were spent among the churches of the West as secretary of the Home Mission Society. The West, as then defined by the Society, was all the field west of New York and Pennsylvania. A sphere of greater responsibility was then offered to him, as associate of Dr. Backus in the Home Mission rooms, with choice of southern or western fields. But the pastorate had his first love. After spending a short time with a church in central New York, where there was a most interesting revival, he accepted, in October, 1867, a call from the church in Lafayette, Ind. Here was done the hardest work of his life. The first year was blessed with a powerful work of grace. For

thirteen weeks meetings were held continuously. During most of the time morning meetings were held from eight till nine in the conference room of the church, crowded with worshipers and inquirers. Over seventy were baptized as the fruits of this revival. At one time thirty-three were baptized in the canal, among them his oldest son, the ice being cut for the occasion. So pervading was the religious interest throughout the city that the opera house was closed from lack of patronage. Each winter the work was resumed with precious results. Two missions were established. In Chauncey, across the river, meetings were held, resulting in the baptism of a large number, the organization of a church of fifty members and the building of a house of worship. To this mission church he gave a third service on the Sabbath and pastoral watch care as long as he remained in Lafayette. Also, the fine church edifice in which the First church now worship was erected but not completed before the close of his pastorate. While Mr. Stone was in Lafayette he assisted Bro. Stimson, of Terre Haute, in revival meetings, and also the church in Richmond, Ind.

After three years, malarial chills drove him to Illinois, and in January, 1871, he settled with the First church in Rockford. This church was imperiled by the division under Dr. Kerr. His erroneous views had permeated the community. It was my husband's chief mission there to hold up a standard against these destroying influences, and to save the church from ruin. Conversions and baptisms occurred, among whom were two of his own children. The second winter was mostly spent in assisting in meetings with Bro. Guy at Brimfield, Bro. Haigh at Mendota, and Brn. Fulton and Miner at Belvidere. In November, 1872, he accepted the call of the Baptist church in Marengo. There, after three weeks of discouraging effort, a glorious revival resulted. God wondrously blessed the young people. One evening sixteen young ladies in a Sabbath-class were baptized together, and the next evening about an equal number of young men from another class. The work was wide extended and great numbers found Christ. One old man of eighty years was baptized. The revival spirit seemed scarcely to leave the church, and every winter there were renewed efforts, sweet

refreshings and new converts coming out on the Lord's side Here he was permitted to baptize his youngest son. Revival meetings were also held at two out-stations with precious results. The fragrance of these hallowed scenes was very sweet in after years, when he could toil no more, and in memory he lived over again the joyous harvest seasons of his life.

Thus far a remarkably strong constitution had sustained him in doing double work in his various fields, yet he constantly mourned his unfaithfulness. In the autumn of 1876 a call from the church in Bloomington came, was finally listened to and accepted and he commenced his labors here the first Sabbath in November. Of his work in Bloomington I need not speak. A suffering wife fell to his care in the fall of 1878. Time, strength and sympathies were all taxed by day and by night. Everything which a loving husband could do, he did. Yet his longing to see another revival here led him into another series of meetings, which altogether broke down his over-strained system, and in the midst of inquiring sinners and happy converts he ended his work. This was early in 1880. Nine years of mutual companionship in suffering have been spent, wherein we have prayed together and praised God together; years in which he ceased not one care for his wife until weakness compelled him; years of very gradual decline, passing into extreme suffering, till finally the weary one went peacefully to rest on the morning of the 20th of February, 1889. To the smitten ones he leaves the legacy of prayers and holy memories, which, God grant, may bear like precious fruit till the joyous meeting of the " sweet by and by."

Reminiscenses.

The preceding sketch was prepared for, and read at, the Memorial Service of March 12. Some incidents and characteristics of Mr. Stone's life are also recalled, which may serve to fill the outline, and to photograph upon our hearts his real manhood.

"I HAVE never uttered a profane word, do not know the taste of liquors, and have never used tobacco," was a statement which in his later years the father made to his sons. Surely, a watchful, parental eye was over the lad, and a Divine Father was guarding the character of the boy, whose life was to be spent in His service. The developments of his manhood began in his home, in his childhood where was the seed-sowing, and the laying of foundations. There God met him by His grace, breathing into him the new life of the Christian. There the providence which early bereaved him of a father, and threw upon him the heavy cares of a man, developed the strong forces of self-reliance within him. At his home came to him the call to go and preach Christ, and there was born the persistent purpose to obtain the necessary preparation, though without apparent resources.

A passing notice should be given to the parents in that home. Both were of New-England stock, possessed of earnest piety and of sturdy common sense. His father, Thomas Stone, came from Brimfield, Mass., and was one of those upright, industrious, worthy pioneers, who gave Homer its high character in Central New York. His first wife was reputed a most excellent woman, and was the mother of eight children, of whom the Rev. Marsena Stone, D. D., who has been both educator and preacher, and for several years has given much time to the colored ministry of the South, still lives and labors. His second wife was Desire Wing, who bore him ten children, and who died in 1881, while living with her son, Watts Stone, in Chicago. She was a woman of strong character and superior mental abilities. While still with her little ones about her, health failed; but from my first knowledge of her she has ever borne the stamp of a happy Christian woman. Most naturally, her conversation would always fall upon religious themes. Though

suffering physically and mentally beyond our power to understand, one could scarcely be in her presence ten minutes, but there would be some expression of loving trust in her Father, or of longing expectation of her Savior. An out-and-out Christian woman, separate from the world, she lived in an elevated sphere, which was recognized by all who knew her. Orlando was the second child of this mother, and received from both parents impressions which gave strength and tone to his character.

Among the habits formed in his youth, was that of great self-control, which was an abiding feature of his life. When reviled, he answered not. One instance is recalled which well illustrates his habit. It occurred at a church meeting in the early days of California, when a member present was exceedingly exasperating, purposely to draw forth bitter replies from the pastor, and so ensnare him. He quietly waited till the brother was through, then, with his usual manner, arose and said, "we will close the meeting by singing the doxology." The trying member afterwards complained, "he don't know when he is abused."

This self-control under trying circumstances, sustained him in every ordeal through which he was called to pass. It shone conspicuously in his long years of increasing helplessness and suffering, when the agitation of his body was past control. Wearisome days, and sleepless nights and excruciating pain never drew from him a murmur or a groan. Like David, he had set a guard over his lips that they should not transgress.

Akin to this was his strong *decision* of *character*. Conclusions concerning his own course of action were soon reached, and seldom did he have occasion to regret them. In his family, too, when he had decided what was right for his children, it was final. And, as in early life, his firm decisions moulded his religious character and led him through all obstacles to the ministry, so, in after life, they greatly enhanced his usefulness. Like Paul he asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," and then, conferring not with flesh and blood, he did it. With him, to decide was to act. Without halting or questioning, he moved right along with a despatch which was sometimes surprising.

One illustration is remembered just now. At a State Association, he was appointed chairman of a committee to issue a circular to his brethren, appealing for funds for the state work. The next morning when some suggestions were made to him about the circular, he replied that it was already written, printed, and then ready for distribution among the brethren before they should separate. I may add that the circular met with a hearty response, more than supplying the deficiency,

Punctuality to his appointments was like "the law of the Medes and Persians." He told his brethren if he was two minutes late they might call him to account for it. Ordinarily, he was as prompt in closing a meeting as in commencing it.

His convictions on doctrinal truths were positive. A "thus saith the Lord" was sufficient. He delivered his message as he received it. He would sometimes say, "no one knows the temptations of the minister to turn aside from the plain, unpalatable truths of the Gospel, and pander to popular tastes." But the grace of God, and a sense of his accountability for the immortal interests intrusted to him, held him to the high purpose of preaching the truth plainly and letting God care for the results. There was a time in the early part of his ministry, when he had questionings upon the subject of the future punishment of the wicked, and how he should present it. But they were all solved in this decision—to invariably use the language of Scripture when treating it. He had no more trouble with that doctrine, but rather from the stronghold of truth, plead with sinners to escape eternal wrath, by fleeing to Christ, the Savior provided for them.

The distinctive principles which characterize his own denomination were broadly comprehended and claimed as an honorable heritage. No one of these did he shrink from presenting when occasion demanded. Such an occasion once occurred, when the people of a certain town were greatly stirred by questions as to the mode and subjects of baptism. All the professors of a Pedobaptist college came in to listen. After replying to statements and arguments which had been adduced, he challenged any one present to find an instance in which the Greek word for baptize signified anything but immersion, prom-

ising to give his library to the person who would do it. Although the Greek professor excused his classes for several days to make the research, the library was never claimed.

This staunch advocacy of the peculiar tenets of his own denomination did not prevent most cordial relations between himself and his brethren who differed from him. When he was about to take his family from Bloomington to Kansas in search of health, it was one of the Presbyterian pastors who proposed the farewell reception which was given him. Many were the kind words of affection and esteem which were then spoken by his associates from other churches, and while they credited him with being "a Baptist to the backbone," they averred that it only increased their respect for him.

The patriotism of my husband was not left to be inferred. When Fort Sumter was taken, he was pastor of a church whose members represented all parts of our country. Yet there was one dividing line, the North and the South. The echoes of the cannon reached California. The consequences of a decided course of action were plain to be seen. But when he entered his pulpit, he unfurled, as it were, the flag of the union to his audience. His prayer was for its preservation. His text was announced—"In Him all things consist." Our dependence upon God to hold us together as a people, was dwelt upon. While the sermon was being preached, one after another of the Southern members arose and went out, till we were left a purely patriotic congregation, and so continued.

He ever felt that he had obligations to his country to be fulfilled at the polls as elsewhere. An essay which he wrote upon this subject for the Pastoral Union, meeting at Alton, 1875, was published at the request of his brethren, in which he showed his own ardent convictions as to the duties of the Christian citizen. The last time he left his house, previous to his decease, he was carried to the polls, and deposited his vote.

From the path of duty, or apparent duty, he never wavered. It is right—that was sufficient; neither was it irksome. "The love of Christ constraineth me," was the text of one of his sermons. This was the prominent thought: when the love of Christ is supreme in our hearts, it controls all our acts. Spon-

taneously we shall speak, and act, and live for Christ, not waiting for a command, or the compulsion of duty. Love will prompt to a right course, and love will obey without conscious resistance. The will of God will be our will, and duty our delight. In a large degree this sentiment was the ruling principle of his life. Self-denials and hardships were borne unhesitatingly and cheerfully when the finger of God so indicated.

An incident illustrating this, as also God's providential care at such times, occurred in California. While living in Nevada, little Ella, the angel of our home, was sick, and we feared the result. Then came a call from a church in a distant mining town to come and ordain their pastor. Should he go? Laborers all equipped were needed. The ministry was scattered, and it might prove a failure if he were not there. He decided to leave his family in God's care, and go on the mission. It was the rainy season. Starting in the night, he reached Auburn by stage Saturday A. M., and thence twenty miles brought him to his destination, where he examined the candidate, ordained him and preached three sermons on the Sabbath, no other minister being present. After spending a night, sleepless with anxiety, he arose before light, and leaving a note on his table, started to walk the twenty miles homeward. On the way a kind lady gave him breakfast, which he ate as he went. Up hill and down he hastened, reaching Auburn at noon, just in time to throw himself into the stage as it was departing, and entering his home in the evening while his wife was on her knees praying for his return ere their child should die. God had anticipated the prayer, and what thanks we gave to Him that night, that His servant was not one minute too late at Auburn.

How this unselfish surrender of himself to the claims of love and duty led him on, even to martyrdom, was told, lately, by a brother. When the care of his wife was taxing him so that it was feared his health would give way, some of his brethren urged him to hire a strong woman to take his place. His reply was, "She is my wife, I cannot give her into another's care." Sad as the result was ever to his wife, *he* never expressed a regret for his decision, but rather regretted that he did not resign his pastoral work sooner.

Perhaps right here, it may be pardoned if reference is had to his life-long devotion as a husband. Ever unselfish, gentle and tender as a mother's love, he blessed the trusting, nestling wife with almost uninterrupted happiness. In his counsel she rested. His care warded off every ill possible. When away from all near friends, his love made home bright. He claimed her presence in his visits, led and aided her in christian work, and comforted her with his strong sympathy when death invaded their home. That one so perfect in this relation should at last relinquish life work and life itself through his devotion, has ever been the bitterest part of the cup which has fallen to the wife. To complain she could not, while husband and children were spared, and now that he is gone, cherishes the comforting words he uttered in his weakness, "Tell mother we will soon be together."

He habitually trusted in the Lord for guidance. A favorite passage was "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and he shall bring it to pass." As he committed all to the Lord, he had perfect confidence that God had also fulfilled His part.

He learned a lesson of trust when a young man, which he never forgot. He was going from B—— to W——, and anticipated being present at the closing exercises of its Seminary. He must go by boat and stage. It was the first day of boat travel for the season. Two vessels were preparing for the trip. Whichever went first, he wished to take. Each captain claimed this for his boat. After a day of watching to and fro, he went aboard one and settled for the night, when, to his great chagrin, the other steamed out into the lake, and went on its way. His own boat, at length, started, but made such slow progress, that he despaired of connecting with the stage. Finally it put to shore for coal. Now, he thought, he was doomed to certain disappointment. He went on land, made inquiries, and found he was close by the place he was trying to reach. All his worry had been for nothing. All the time God was taking him by the most direct route, to his destination. This was his lesson. It seemed he could never afterwards doubt the Guiding Hand which was leading him in just the best way.

His pastoral changes were referred implicitly to the same guidance. And his council to the young who consulted him was, "Be not anxious; leave all with the Lord; he will direct you."

When misfortunes came, they brought no distrust with them. God had chosen his path. It might seem dark and mysterious now, but eternity would make all clear.

He habitually trusted in God's care, also, and God cared for him. In the mountains of California, he was once providentially saved from sudden death. A mill pond was covered with logs. He stepped upon one which was treacherous, and in an instant was beneath the logs, where the water was 20 feet deep. He could not rise to the top, he did not sink, he could not swim, but struggled toward the shore, till his friend, brought by cries above the noise of the mill, reached him with a pole, and drew him to land. He was safe; his work was not yet done.

Again, in the East, starting down a long, steep hill, with wife and baby Alice by his side, the harness broke, letting the buggy against the horse's heels. It seemed that the frightened horse would quickly bear us to destruction, but He who is over all, saw the danger, and soon quieted the animal to perfect gentleness. Repairs were made, and we went on rejoicing in our deliverance. When traveling as Home Mission Secretary, never an accident befel his train, though they went before and followed him.

"The Lord will provide," was his one answer to all questionings about the future. When health had failed and work had ceased, a friend said to him, "It seems as though it was a dark day for you." "Yes," he answered, "but I never felt more at peace in my life." If we live to the glory of God, God will take care of us. So true is it, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

"Lend a Hand," is the beautiful motto of the King's Daughters, and to lend a hand was one of my husband's pleasures. In the mines of California an aged and feeble brother, without friends, was persuaded by him to entrust him with his earnings, which were slipping from him. For many years our house was a home for him, and when we left California, he had

the pleasure of receiving from my husband over two thousand dollars, the accumulation of his savings.

To young men of promise he was especially drawn, that he might lead them forth to a life work of usefulness. If they were successful, that was a sufficient reward. How his heart was gladdened, when such became earnest workers for Jesus, and gathering sheaves for the heavenly kingdom.

If he could give a lift to a brother in the ministry, it was counted as a privilege, and several times a box of books from his library went to their assistance, while he gladly gave personal aid, whenever home duties would permit.

His interest in missions, both home and foreign, continued through life. He not only gave liberally himself, but he stirred up the gifts of his brethren. I think the churches to which he ministered will acknowledge his power to reach their purses as well as their hearts in behalf of these objects. The gifts of some were so generous as to command the admiration of my husband, and I believe a stimulus for life was given, which is still bearing rich fruit. Others who emulated their pastor in his cheerful contributions, preceded him to that land, where rewards are bestowed for the least given in Christ's name. One of these was a sister whose interest was so thoroughly aroused that she took boarders that she might give one hundred dollars to the Missionary Union.

I have in mind two instances of his power over a congregation when presenting objects for their beneficence. In both cases the circumstances were quite peculiar to himself. He was Secretary for the Home Missionary Society,and lit upon the home of a pastor one Saturday evening unexpectedly. The pastor was at a business meeting and returned late. He made no effort to conceal his chagrin, at sight of the Secretary, and explained that he was trying to build a church; it was up-hill work; his brethren were discouraged, and were just proposing to give up the undertaking. "Perhaps I can help you," said his visitor. Although he could not recover from his discomforture, he consented that Mr. S. should preach. Missions were not referred to, but the work they had in mind. During the sermon a change came over the congregation, and as soon as ended, the

pastor grasped his hand, exclaiming, "You have saved the church," and then, before his people, made a most humble confession of his treatment of his guest. The next morning they started out with fresh courage; the money was raised and the church was speedily built.

At another church, at the last minute, a Sunday-school collection was substituted for the promised Home Mission collection. Two hundred dollars were needed, but not expected. Though greatly disappointed, he preached an effective sermon, and made a plea for their Sunday-schools, to which the audience responded with a gift of five hundred dollars.

He, himself, always had habits of giving ungrudgingly. The cause of Christ, in the early days of California called for much sacrifice, especially from the ministry. The maintenance of a denominational paper was a great tax upon them, in which he cheerfully bore his share. To this and other objects, by God's blessing, he was enabled to contribute more than two thousand dollars before he left the state.

He planned his expenses, so as to give as well as to live. One rule which he would on no account infringe upon, was, to never run in debt. Another was, to lay by something, however little, every year. In speculations or lucrative schemes he would never engage. His *one work* was the *ministry*. That God blessed His servant who trusted Him so completely, and honored Him with his substance, may be seen in the pleasant home and comforts of his later years, when his hands were folded from toil, and which he has left to his invalid wife.

The blessing of the peace-maker was his. Dissensions among brethren were suppressed with a firm hand, and he would obtain the promise "you will never speak of this again."

God gave him a voice and talent for singing, which was of unspeakable help to him in the conference room, also the cheer of many a child of God in the sick room. Singing was a part of the daily family worship; and as he was the priest of the family altar until the last three weeks of his life, he never failed to start the tune which was caught up by the others and sung. How hallowed were those seasons to the family circle. For a long time he was unable to kneel. When he could read no

longer, each one recited a verse of Scripture, and then, after the song, he bore all upon his heart into the very presence of God, and in brief and comprehensive petitions craved blessings for the cause of Christ universally, and for his own church in particular. The last time that he officiated in his family will ever be remembered by them. It was the morning on which his son Edward was to say farewell, after being called home to see him die. He was propped up in bed. The Psalm was the twenty-third; the song, "The Sweet By and By." We had not thought him able to perform the service, but before another could commence his voice was heard dwelling upon the "sweet by and by" of our hopes, and earnestly praying for the consecration and future usefulness of his children, and then most tenderly for the mother, whom he left to their loving care, until death should release her.

For the work of the ministry he had an ardent love. Often did he speak of this in his sickness, adding, "If I were to live my life over again, I would choose the same calling;" or, "If I had a thousand lives to live, they should all be given to the ministry."

In the sacred desk, Jesus was his favorite theme. Knowing that Christ had died for the whole world, as a faithful ambassador, he besought men to be reconciled to God through Christ. His dependence was upon the Holy Spirit to lead his mind as to choice of subjects and pour light upon the themes chosen. If he presented the truths of the Gospel with an unusual depth of meaning, it was this inner light which enabled him to do so. He acknowledged especial assistance in the preparation of some particular sermons. Allusion has been made to one of his sermons on morality, text, "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if I then be a Father, where is my honor, and if I be a Master, where is my fear." The circumstances which originated that sermon were these: There were some in his congregation in whom he felt a deep interest, and who apparently were depending upon good works alone for their hopes of heaven. For weeks he prayed to the Lord to give him a subject adapted to their case. At length this theme was given, and the strong light in which it was presented. Whether it was the

means of influencing those friends or not, it was permitted him to know of more persons being converted through the instrumentality of that sermon than of any other one which he preached.

The aim of the discourse was to show that man's fitness for heaven depends upon his attitude toward God, and that all the beautiful virtues which men exhibit toward each other, instead of recommending them to God, only enhance their guilt, if they are not practiced toward Him. In the practice of those virtues toward each other, they showed that they understood their obligations. They were left without excuse then in failing to fullfil them toward God.

He pictured a daughter attending upon a sick parent, bathing the head, cooling the parched lips, and tenderly administering to every want, and then applied it thus: God looking down upon the scene exclaims, "I see that you understand your obligations to your parent, and that you appreciate and exhibit the beautiful grace of filial piety; but I am a Father and where is my honor? I am the only Father in the universe to whom due reverence is not acknowledged."

Or he pictured neighbors showing kindnesses to each other, always with the responsive, "I thank you, you are very kind." But God, from whose hand comes all our blessings, is unthanked, and again complains, "I see that you possess this beautiful grace of gratitude for kindness shown; you know your obligations for favors received, and are full of thanks to each other, yet you thank me not for what I have done for you. Your tables are laden with gifts from my hand, yet you think not of me, the Giver. You possess the lovely graces of gratitude, and of filial love, and all amiable traits of character, and exhibit them toward each other, but toward me, the author of all these beautiful virtues, you exhibit none of them. Where is *my* honor, and *my* fear, and *my* love, and *my* thanks?"

This point was also brought out clearly,—that those who were living without any reference to God, were not seeking and could not expect any reward from Him. It was not unjust or cruel in God not to reward them, for they had done nothing for

Him. All their acts were toward their fellowmen, and they had their reward from them.

Mr. Stone never wrote his sermons fully, but used suggestive jottings, which, to himself, called up the train of thought, and yet allowed much liberty. They were frequently of an evangelistic type, yet he sought to feed the flock of God, both with the milk of the word, and strong meat, to each a portion. For presenting the truth clearly, he had a natural gift, and always sought to clinch it upon the hearts of his hearers. His exhortations to Christians to be up and at work for the salvation of souls about them were persistent, and he sought constantly to lead them to a higher plane of spirituality and usefulness. If he failed, the failure should not lie at his door.

I would like to give one picture of him as a pastor. It is in the prayer-meeting room. The Spirit of God has been there with great blessings, and still abides. Some of the treasures of God's Word have been unfolded. A season of prayer and song has been spent, and now an opportunity is given for testimony. A number rise to their feet at once, and all stand waiting for him to designate who shall speak. One name after another is called, who speak briefly and take their seats. Before the last one is seated another company arises, all waiting on their feet as before, for the call of the name. The announcement, "none need rise after these," brings the meeting to a close. In this way, from fifty to seventy have sometimes taken part in the meeting, reminding one of Christ's description of the good Shepherd, "He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them forth."

In revival work he delighted, and was often engaged in it. His joy over souls he had won to Jesus was like that of a father, and the weariness and wrestlings were all forgotten. Scarcely less was his joy over the church, under the refreshing showers of the Holy Spirit, when he felt their sustaining prayers, and they wrestled and rejoiced together. His sermons to the unconverted were not only designed to awaken and convict, but to lead to Christ as the only Savior, through a renunciation of everything else.

In personal work with sinners, he was especially successful, pressing upon them an immediate surrender and trust in Christ.

The critical moment was seen, and he would hold the hand at parting, or tarry by their side till the decision was made. The power of God was with him at such times. Those who were doubtful if they might trust in Jesus, or feared to venture, were persuaded by his words, and many have blessed him that he would not give them up, when they would have postponed their decision till another time.

So also was his *counsel* to enquirers honored of God. To one who had long been seeking, but still deeply distressed, he said, "Go home, and don't think of yourself again, but think of Jesus." The man hesitated, said he would lose all of his feeling if he did. "Let your feeling go, but look to Jesus," was the reply, and he was rejoicing in Christ before morning. At another time his evening subject was seeking the Lord with sincerity. He said: "If any of you will go and *honestly* tell Jesus that you are a lost sinner, and ask Him to save you, if He does not save, I will agree to stand for you in the day of judgment." One man went home saying: "I will test that man's word, and will *honestly* go to Jesus, tell Him my condition, and ask Him to save me." He was speedily rejoicing, and went in the dead of night to his brother to tell of his new found joy. That man, his wife, his brother and his wife were all soon rejoicing together in Jesus. The brother entered the ministry, and up to this time has been an earnest and successful preacher of the Word, and a Home Missionary in Kansas. Of the number of conversions and baptisms, under his ministry, he kept no record. "My record is on high," he would say.

His power with God in prayer was noticeable. Not to himself, but to the inspiring Spirit was the honor given. Oft times, it seemed, he had but to take a sinner on his heart in prayer, and he would speedily be converted. Also, at the bed-side of the sick, marked answers to prayer were sometimes given. On one occasion, while pastor in Lafayette, Ind., he found a sister, apparently passing away. No one expected her to survive till morning. He kneeled by her side, and without premeditation, and unexpectedly to himself, offered an earnest prayer for her immediate recovery. He could pray for nothing less. Friends stood amazed, but the answer was given. From that hour she

began to amend and lived for several years, for her family and the church. Several such instances occurred in his ministry, when the pleading and the faith were given from above, and brought the return of health and strength to the suffering. Of these instances, he himself said, "When God gave me faith to pray for the recovery of the sick, He always answered the prayer. The promise of Scripture, as recorded by James, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up,' was fulfilled in every case, where I had that God-given faith. I was as anxious and earnest in my prayers for others, but had to say, 'Thy will be done.'" He believed that the gift of healing has been in the church always, and will remain to the end of time, though not bestowed so abundantly and frequently as upon the Apostles. He said, "We should discriminate between the *gift* of faith, and the *grace* of faith. The *gift* of faith is not the measurement of our piety, but the *grace* of faith." As to his own recovery, he knew that the power of God was unlimited, and that he might ask, with submission to His will, but no such faith to receive was given. The burden of his prayer was not for the return of health, but that he might be filled with the Spirit of God.

His visits among the sick were a much loved part of his work. They were welcome, cheery, and looked for daily, and did not cease when he was no longer pastor. Even when a stranger in Kansas, and as long as he could go out at all, he went to the abodes of suffering, and his very last call was upon a sick sister.

The consolations which he imparted to others, were precious to himself in his long sickness, "It is all right;" "God makes no mistakes;" "I have never had a murmuring thought," were expressions showing his perfect submission to what God had chosen for him. For years, the strong man, broken down in his strength, was passing homeward, with tremulous nerves, and a paralysis, which stopped not for a day in its onward course, with its fetters of pain and helplessness; yet when the weariness and the tribulations were ended, and we looked back upon it all, it seemed lighted with a glory all its own. When in health, there was the shining of a consecrated life, and faithful stewardship;

in sickness there was a halo about him of the "perfect through suffering." Tender as a child, patient, subdued, brave as a Grant or a Frederick, leaning upon his Beloved, thus it was that his life passed on before us, step by step, to the valley where the angels met him, and bore him hence. Those nearest to him saw most of the glory. They cannot forget the suffering, neither can they forget his bearing as a conqueror, nor the strength of his inner man, his firm faith, his courage, his unfailing judgment, and the wisdom of his counsels, which made him like an oak, leaned upon, even to the last.

It was one of the trials of his disease that he could not meditate; but there was rest in Jesus, and in His word. The Bible was perused with great satisfaction, and when he could no longer read himself, it was a part of the daily employment of his wife, to read aloud several chapters. The words of Jesus at the last supper were a favorite passage with him. Sometimes he would ask for one of the short Epistles, but usually the New Testament or the Psalms, were read in course, and over and over again, while the comment, "What a rich portion of Scripture that is," would show how much he enjoyed it.

His Christian hope was unclouded. He knew in whom he believed, "All is bright on the other side," he said, as he was nearing the river. Long he waited and watched for the coming of the Savior. To no one could the summons be more welcome. "I *reckon* on going home," he said with emphasis to a friend. "I anticipate being with my Master." "We shall all be together soon, where there will be no meetings nor partings." To the church his only message was, "Be faithful." At the last, he could not talk, but no dying testimony was needed. We knew that the strong arms of the Redeemer were underneath him, and that when he left this worn-out body, he was borne upward to the realms of light, where pain, and sin and sorrow shall never enter, where joyous meetings were awaiting him, and where his voice should again be tuned to the hallelujahs of heaven. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

It gives me great pleasure to publish the following additional reminiscences from the pen of a friend relating to his life in Marengo.

My Dear Mrs. Stone.

I have been living over the old days with you and Dr. Stone. How well I remember the first time I saw you when the Rock River Association met in Marengo, in June, 1871. You two, with Mrs. M., came on the 8 o'clock, A. M., train, and were designated to our house. It so happened that I opened the door, and as Mr. Stone introduced himself and party, I at once felt I was in the presence of a strong man. And how beautifully you all made yourselves at home that morning. As mother and I were busy in household duties we asked to be excused, and Mr. Stone said, "O, we will entertain ourselves; we'll have a sing," and opening the piano he requested Mrs. M. to play while you all sang. I remember how full and rich your voices sounded as I went about my work.

This was the very beginning, dear friend, of an acquaintance that has been so full of blessing to our household. It was at this association that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the West was first brought before the body, and you and Mr. Stone encouraged us to organize a circle at Marengo as you had at Rockford a week or so earlier, and so we did the following Sunday. Then, this was the time that Dr. Kerr was wielding so great an influence in Rockford, having the year before gone out from our denomination into liberalism and taking from the First church many members of wealth and influence, and at this very time was attracting to himself large audiences. There were among us pessimistic souls who were fearful that the cause of Christ had received almost a death blow in Rockford, and that the foundations of the church were sadly shaken.

To meet this disheartening influence, Mr. Stone was asked to preach the last afternoon of the association, and did so to a crowded house. And what a strong, hopeful sermon he gave from the text, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all;" and how the audience were lifted out of themselves and brightened and cheered as the preacher showed Christ in his fullness,

strength and power. The sermon was quoted for weeks and must have been helpful to many.

I think Mr. Stone's ministry in Marengo, in one sense, began with this meeting of the association, though it was not till November, 1872, that he became the pastor of this dear church.

And what shall I say of his four years' pastorate in Marengo? Years of growth and advancement in the church; years of revival and reaping; years also of seed-sowing and building up of Christian character; four years of successful work, bearing fruit even unto this day.

In reviewing Mr. Stone's labors among us, I am impressed anew with his exaltation of Jesus Christ as a Saviour from sin and the *power* of sin. How faithfully and earnestly he pressed home this truth from the desk and in personal work. Often have I heard him say that he had little faith in any efforts at reform that did not put the need of Christ the Saviour at the foundation. Bring men to Jesus and they are bound to become and remain temperance men, he would say. A revival of religion always toned up the public sentiment on any question of reform, was his experience.

He gloried in presenting Jesus Christ, the crucified, to needy men and women, and great was his success in enlisting them under Emmanuel's banner. It seems to me he excelled more than most in bringing truth home to all ages. Do you remember the revival of 1873 was, with few exceptions, among the children and young people of our Sunday school, while the last revival, before you left us, was notable in reaching men and women in the prime of life. Wasn't it thirty-three heads of families who were converted, besides as many more who had reached manhood and womanhood? If I remember correctly but one child was baptized of the nearly seventy who put on Christ. And how well adapted Mr. Stone was to bring men to a decision. Do you recollect how Capt. S. said he wished to be a Christian but had no *feeling*, and Mr. Stone told him his days of *feeling* were probably past, but now he must act on his conviction? And how he patiently led him from point to point till the surrender of will was complete? And the night Dr. S. was converted. What a long struggle it was, and how easily the wrong

word might have been said, but Mr. Stone's help was wise, and how like a little child Dr. S. finally gave himself up and began the beautiful life which grew brighter and brighter as the years went by. O, the hand-picked fruit was very precious in those days.

Mr. Stone seemed to delight in hard work, and with his fine health and consecrated heart, how much he was able to accomplish. I recall the neighborhood prayer meetings, the series of services held in school-houses about Marengo, and with what joy he brought to the home church the sheaves of his gathering. And then the catholicity of his spirit! What noble work he did in Union one winter, and how the Congregationalist church was strengthened; and added to its membership many who had been converted through his efforts.

Again, Mr. Stone's intelligent interest in all the work of the denomination lifted the church to a plane of giving never before attained, as he so well knew how to present each cause and always led in the offerings. With the great body of churches the stream will *not* rise higher than the fountain, but if the spiritual leader is a man like Mr. Stone, counting it a joy and privilege to give unto the Lord, and so earnestly presenting local and denominational work, there will be many hearts in the pews glad to follow his leadership and thankful to acknowledge their stewardship of "the manifold grace of God." Mr. Stone left his impress in this respect upon his own generation in the Marengo church; upon Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Adams, Dr. Woodworth, my father and mother, and others. I have heard my father say repeatedly that Mr. Stone was an example to him of the "joy of giving," and that he sometimes felt that Mr. Stone had taught him *how* to give.

There were those having a slight acquaintance with your husband who thought him wanting in tenderness, but no one who ever saw him with little children, or in a sick room, or with the afflicted, entertained such an idea. How he won little children. Do you remember how our Louise loved him and liked to be carried about in his strong arms? When she first began to put sentences together, I asked her one day who her

minister was, and she said, "Mr. Stone," and after a moment's hesitation added, "and Mrs. Stone," which we thought very true. I think I must bring to your memory her first Sunday of going to church. It so happened she went with me, and in coming home she said, "Aunt Lollie, I don't love Mr. Stone!" "Not love Mr. Stone, darling," I replied, "Why, what is the matter?" "He didn't," and the lip quivered, "He didn't come down and kiss me." O, how heartily Mr. Stone laughed when I told him the next day, and when Sunday came around again, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, he came directly to her, reaching out his arms, and I can see him now as he carried her down the aisle, her curly head against his left shoulder, as he spake and shook hands with his people.

His beautiful thoughtfulness for the sick, and hearty, cheery ways were appreciated by many an invalid. How Mrs. Deacon Lewis was brightened by a call from you and enjoyed the singing which always was a part of it as well as the pastor's prayer. How many sick rooms welcomed you both.

My dear friend, four years of beautiful, faithful, consecrated living and doing were lived among us. Christ was honored, souls saved, hearts strengthened, character built up, and the kingdom of God advanced. If I should be asked to give in one sentence my impression of Mr. Stone's ministry here, I should reply in Jean Ingelow's words, concerning the preacher in "The Brothers," "*So anxious not to go to Heaven alone.*"

I hope I have not wearied you with my long letter, but it was in my heart to live over with you some of the days of the past. Always your loving friend and sister,

MARENGO, ILL. NELLIE PATRICK.

The Funeral Sermon.

BY JNO. L. JACKSON, D. D.

The funeral-service was conducted at the residence of the family of the deceased. Friends gathered to perform the last offices of love. There were floral offerings and the ripened sheaf. A quartett sang softly some tender hymns. Dr. W. H. H. Adams, of the M. E. Church, read a selection from the scriptures. The Rev. S. G. Miner offered the sympathetic prayer, which was borne into the presence of God. The Pastor, Rev. J. L. Jackson, delivered the discourse which follows. The last look was taken of the face so calm and peaceful, and then the remains were borne to their final resting place, in the beautiful cemetery of Bloomington, to await the joyful resurrection when Christ shall come again.

TEXT: II Timothy, iv: 7-8: "*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day: and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing.*"

THESE are the triumphant words of Paul as he contemplated his approaching death. It is not the language of vaunting egotism. It is simply the honest sentiment of a man who knows what he has done, and knows also what he has won through the grace given him from above.

When he penned these words he was in Rome, a prisoner of Jesus Christ, awaiting the time of his offering up. The busy life was nearing its close. In the Providence of God he had come to that pause in his active career which so fittingly precedes the ending of the earthly pilgrimage. He had time now, in his Roman prison, to carefully review the years crowded so full of toil and sacrifice, he had also time to contemplate the glorious reward which was so near at hand.

The text is naturally divided into two portions: the backward and the forward look.

First he cast his glance back over the long and rugged path along which he had travelled. On that path he had fought his battles and won his triumphs. With the blessings and the favor of his Lord, he had been enabled to accomplish a noble work. Hence, he could exclaim without fear of contradiction from either friend or foe: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

What an hour of honest exultation must it be to the faithful servant of God to be able to cast his glance back upon a career of usefulness. To the great mass of the human kind memory brings no joyful retrospect. They are glad to cut out the vision of the past when it rises unbidden before them. The

story of wasted opportunities, of squandered strength, of selfish greed is repeated so often in human life that there are few who can find real pleasure in the memory of days gone by. Even when one has not been guilty of the baser crimes, how often is life seen at last to have been wasted, because the aims have been low, and the earthly rewards unsatisfying. Many lives are busy enough, but they are so occupied with gold getting and honor getting, that at last they are found to have gathered no abiding good. Life need not thus be wasted. Death need not bring us bitter memories. Mortal as we are and liable to err, it is still possible to put into life such deeds of kindness, such words of truth, such holy purposes that at the last we can even dare to use the triumphant language of Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

It is marvellous to contemplate what a human life may become when God takes hold of it. When filled with His Spirit and impelled with love for Him, even weak and erring men have been able to do a work which calls forth the songs of angels.

Paul says: "I have finished my course." The word finish has two meanings; first, as "ended;" second, as "completed."

Ended, all lives must be. There is no escape from that. The drunkard and the libertine, as well as the patriot and the saint, must end the earthly career. But a finished and completed life is a rare thing on earth. In all the world, there is nothing so beautiful as that. There is beauty in the flower, and grandeur in the sun and stars, but in the universe of created things there is nothing so glorious, so worthy of admiration, as a finished life.

The great Apostle had another vision, which gave him even greater delight than the memory of his earthly triumphs. He was able to look forward, as well as backward. That onward glance filled his soul with joy unspeakable. Out of the deeps of a full heart he exclaimed: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day."

Death had no terrors for him. It was but the opening of a door that admitted him to the society of angels and the rewards of heaven. A Christian father was on his death bed. Calling

his daughter to him, he said: "My child, I desire to say a few words to you, for it may be that I shall not be with you long." The young lady drew back with a shudder. "Oh! Father," she exclaimed, "Is there any danger?" "No," replied the father calmly, "There is no danger. There is a probability that I shall die, but there is no danger. There can be no danger on a Christian's sick bed." Thanks be to God, Christ takes away the sting of death. He transforms the monster into an angel of blessing. However happy or useful they are on earth, to God's children, death must always be a blessing.

The heavenly reward often fails to exert over us the influence that it ought, because our faith is weak. We repeat the glowing promises, without comprehending their fulness of meaning. Paul doubtless understood the force of the words we are studying, in a way that we cannot. He had, not only a faith, strengthened through many years of prayer and communion with God, but he had been permitted, even during his earthly life, to catch a glimpse of the heavenly life. He tells us that, "He was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." The memory of that experience could never have faded from his mind. Doubtless in his darkest hours of trial he would bid memory call up that beautiful vision, and he would find in it comfort and courage. Now as he thought upon the approaching end of his earthly life, what joy it must have given him to know that soon he would be introduced into that great company of the redeemed, not this time to tarry with them for a few short hours, but to find them his companions forever. That crown, with "peerless glories bright," was ever before his enraptured gaze. He longed for the moment to come when his Lord would place it upon his brow.

Paul was not selfish in his longing for heaven. Heaven would hardly have been heaven to him, if he had to enjoy it alone. So in the moment when his exultant spirit reached forward to his own reward, he thought also of the multitude of redeemed souls who were to rejoice with him in the eternal inheritance. He said: "My Lord will bestow this crown, not upon me only, but upon all them that love his appearing." The

multitudes whom he had been instrumental in bringing to righteousness were to be crowned with him "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." One of the most attractive features of the heavenly life to a faithful minister of the Gospel, must be that he shall have the exceeding joy of seeing the Lord crown those whom he has been permitted to lead into the new life.

As we come now to apply the text to the life and character of Dr. Stone, we can say that he also had this glorious double vision as he lay upon his bed of suffering. He could look back upon a life spent in the service of God. He could look forward to the mansions which his Lord had gone to prepare for him. Between his active life and the heavenly reward there lay those eight years of suffering, in which he had ample time to look both backward and forward. He also was a prisoner of Jesus Christ, not held in bondage by a Roman Emperor, but chained to his home by that cruel tyrant, Disease. As he lay imprisoned in the valley of suffering the light gleamed along the hill tops. Which ever way he looked he saw visions of beauty. If he looked backward along the path he had journeyed in his earthly pilgrimage, memory painted pictures of a faithful minister working heroically for his Master, in many towns and cities stretching all the way from the Empire State to the Golden Gate. If he looked forward, Faith pictured to his enraptured vision a Beautiful Land where were no sickness and sorrow, in which was a crown waiting for a victor's brow.

His is not only an ended life, but it is a finished one. He did not live to a great age, but he had the privilege for thirty years of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. During that time he was constantly reaping the fruit of his toil. About a thousand persons were baptized by him during his ministry, besides great numbers whom he pointed to Christ as he went to aid other pastors in their extra meetings. We who have known him in the later years of his life are apt to think of him as a minister laid aside from active work. We must not forget that the greater portion of his life was spent in earnest toil for the salvation of men.

He was a hard-working minister of the Gospel. His strong physical constitution enabled him to endure great hardships in

his work. His bodily strength, together with his spiritual insight, made him a great power in the pulpit. He was able to move men as few ministers could. His eyes would flash. His hands would clench. His voice would pour forth his message in rounded sentences. His whole bodily frame would be wrought up to the highest tension as he preached the Word.

Whatever else they might think of his preaching, all acknowledged him to be a man in earnest. His speech was that of a dying man to dying men. He had a message to deliver, and his heart was burdened until he had delivered the whole truth.

His life work, however, was not completed until after his pulpit ministrations ceased. No longer able to do the work of Pastor, Evangelist or Missionary, he was still able to be of great service in the Master's kingdom. His patient endurance of suffering, his cheerful acquiescence to the plan and purpose of God, made him a noble example, not only to his fellow-sufferers, but even to those who enjoyed health and strength. If any were tempted to complain, they held their words in check, as they thought of one whose burdens were so much heavier than their own.

Thus, during the last eight years, he has held a place unique among the Baptist ministers of the State. There were others who had been laid aside from active work, but not one who had become such an example of patient suffering, nor one whose condition was so widely known. In this way he has been able to do a work, to set an example, which will be long remembered.

His sufferings have been an important element, not only in the finishing of his work, but in the completion of his character. He, himself, has grown in the graces of the Christian life during these later years. His physicial pain has chiseled his soul into beauty. He grew so gentle, so sympathetic, so full of kind feeling for all. In the days of his strength he was so robust that it was difficult for him to comprehend the limitations which disease imposes upon a weak body. His own increasing infirmity gave him the tenderest regard for the weakness of others.

In a multitude of ways we could discern how his sufferings ripened his experience and beautified his soul.

His home life was very lovable. Under that roof where there was so much pain, there was no grumbling, and there was much domestic happiness. Parents and children alike bore their part in the deprivations which sickness brings into a home, with cheerfulness and courage. It was a beautiful sight to watch the service of the loving children, and to listen to the cheerful words of the stricken parents. In this way, even to the latest days of his life, memory was busy painting pictures which it must have been a delight to contemplate.

Our departed brother had, not only a past, into which he could look with great satisfaction, but he had a future into which he gazed with hope and gladness. What that future contained for him, he knew well. As the disease fastened its hold more firmly upon his frame, and the weariness increased, he longed for the hour when he should be taken home. Once when there seemed to be some indications of approaching dissolution, his physician made a careful examination of the vital organs and reported that his patient might live yet for some time, "Well," said Dr. Stone, "that is the worst news you could give me." He was like a tired school-boy, waiting for the hour to come when he might go home.

He has gone home at last. So peacefully did he pass away that the watchers scarcely knew whether he lived or died. "He is dead," at last, whispered his friends. "He is alive," sang the angels, "and he liveth forevermore." We do not mourn his death; we rather rejoice with him that he has passed triumphantly through his earthly sufferings, and has at last received "the crown of righteousness."

The Memorial Service.

On Tuesday evening the Memorial Services were held in the church. The choir furnished some excellent music. The following was the order of exercises:

Prayer, - - - - Rev. A. H. Rhodes, Normal.
"Sketch of Dr. Stone's Life," - - -
Prepared by Mrs. Stone, Read by Dr. Mammen.
"College Days," - - - Rev. T. P. Campbell
"Pastoral Work," - - - Rev. S. G. Miner.
"Relations to Other Churches," - Dr. Dinsmore.
Letter from Marengo Church, - - -
- - - Read by Mrs. Sadie C. White.
"His Work in Bloomington Association," -
- - - - - Rev. E. J. Thomas.
"Work as Secretary of Home Missionary Society,"
- - - - - - - Dr. Haigh.
"Closing Years," - - - - - Dr. Jackson.
Benediction, - - - - - Rev. Miller.

A FOOT NOTE.

I exceedingly regret my inability to obtain the address of Dr. Dinsmore upon the relations of Mr. Stone to the other pastors of the city. It was a kind and brotherly tribute from the only one now remaining of those pastors who were associated with him.

College Days.

REV. T. P. CAMPBELL.

BROTHER STONE came to Madison University in the Fall of 1847. He entered the sophomore year of the class of 1850 He at once took rank among the first of the class as a painstaking, conscientious student. I never knew him to be absent from the class except in case of sickness or absence from the institution; or to fail of being prepared to recite when there. He was equally conscientious in the discharge of his religious duties. While laudably diligent in his studies, he did not allow them to encroach upon or interfere with his religious duties. He felt that to gain intellectual development and power, by the neglect of spiritual culture, would be as unwise as it was unscriptural. Hence, his place was always filled in the prayer-meeting, and, by his example and exhortations, contributed largely to the growth of spirituality of his fellow students. The Eastern Association was formed by young men looking to the Foreign Field as their life work. Of this association he and I were members, and we expected at the close of our college life to enter; but, in both our cases, God directed differently, and, for similar reasons, the field of our work was changed. Others have spoken of his pastoral work and success. The secret of Brother Stone's success, I think, is very apparent. In the first place, he was pre-eminently a preacher. He seemed to have no other desire than to be a faithful ambassador of Christ. To him it was the grandest calling to which God ever called a man; and, hence, he had no temptation to turn aside to any other calling. Neither would he have admitted for a moment the inferiority of a minister of

the gospel, in dignity or distinction, to that of any other calling or position in life. He rejoiced in God, with all his heart, that He had counted him worthy of putting him into the ministry.

Again, he was a gospel preacher. His faith in the gospel as the power of God unto salvation, was without any mental reservation. No amount of quibbling or semi-skeptical objections had any influence over him, or caused his faith to flag for a moment. He felt no need of sensational methods or the attractions of brilliant rhetoric or graceful oratory. He could rise to the plane of the great Apostle, and say, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Christ and him crucified."

The craze of the times for advanced thought, and keeping abreast of the times and the preaching for the times, which carried so many preachers on to the breakers of skeptical thought, never disturbed him for a moment. He did not believe that God was mistaken as to His plans, or that His omniscience failed to comprehend all times and seasons, or that human nature and its requirements would ever be essentially different.

I know of no man who could better have adopted the language of the great Apostle, as the aim of his ministerial life, as recorded in I Cor. ii:1-5.

Dr. Stone as a Pastor.

REV. S. G. MINER.

SOME of the remarks I intended to make have been so well expressed in the Biographical Sketch, that I need not dwell upon Dr. Stone's pastoral gifts and work to any considerable length.

He was an earnest Christian minister, and whatever his hands found to do, he did with his might. He was consecrated to Christ, therefore ready for sacrifice or service. He possessed pre-eminently the elements and qualifications of a good pastor and minister of Jesus Christ,—a sound judgment and wise discretion, and the one great object, to point men and women to Christ, who takes away their sins. These have been conceded to him by all who knew him best.

In his pastorate in La Fayette, I know he was very faithful and eminently successful. In his preaching, prayer-meetings, and other public meetings, in his visitations, in families and by the way-side, he seemed to be in association with the Spirit and power of God. His pastoral and mission work were both crowned with wonderful success.

When he went to Rockford, the church was like a boisterous sea, or raging ocean of human minds. The former pastor, a man of talent, had swung out into gross errors, and had taken a considerable number of the membership with him, so that it was not a very happy place to go to. Brother Stone, by his wisdom and discretion, proved himself, under God, equal to the emergency. Those who remained faithful to the truth were gathered together, strengthened and encouraged, and peace was restored. A gracious revival ensued, and many members added to the church.

At Marengo his labors were attended with great blessing to the church, and large accessions. After a long and prosperous pastorate, I asked him why he thought of resigning. He remarked, "the most of the people are converted, and I want to be where I can reach the most souls with the Gospel," thus shewing his ruling passion to be the salvation of souls.

Of his pastorate here, I need not speak. You all know his labors were abundant, and the afflictions of himself and wife.

There were two important elements in his character.

First, his power to impress on other minds his own convictions. God gave Dr. Stone this power in his preaching and work for the salvation of souls; and this is one of the secrets of the success of our brother that is gone.

Second, his power of adaptation. Sometimes he seemed to assume power and decision that was like a lion, shaking his mane and roaring; and he would preach God's truth so as to make men quail under it. But when entering the family circle, or meeting with earnest seekers, O! how tender and childlike he was. He lived for God and for others, rather than for himself, and this was the crowning feature of his whole life.

In all his affliction, we never heard him utter a word of complaint. I said to him on one occasion "Brother Stone, God's providence seems a great mystery to me; I cannot fathom it." He replied, "Brother Miner, God never makes any mistakes." And now he is gone home. In one of my last visits he said to me, "I want to go home. I thank God, my work is done. I don't want to stay here any longer." Let us all thank God that he left such sweet flavor of Christ's name behind him.

From the Baptist Church in Marengo.

To the Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Bloomington, Ill:

DEAR BROTHER:—Among those gathered in the service to be held in memory of Rev. O. B. Stone on March 12th, 1889, we desire to be present with you, as members of a church he honored by his pastorate, and which loyally loves him, and cherishes his memory to-day.

For four years he was the beloved pastor of the Marengo Church. They were years of large growth in numbers, in development of the work, and in abiding influence. To Bro. Stone and his devoted wife, the church are very largely indebted for the rise of that *Mission Spirit*, which has, since his pastorate, characterized the years.

By many of those, who wrought with him so heartily, he has been rejoined, in the immortal life. Those that remain, cherish his name and worth and work with loving hearts. The Church has had no other leader more noble and devoted. The mention of his name is an inspiration still.

"He that *doeth* the *will* of God *abideth* forever." It is this *oneness of will with His Father*, that gives Jesus of Nazareth His immortal influence over the hearts and minds of men. It is the open secret of the *powerful influence* of *such* men as O. B. Stone. They seek *to do God's* will! They *have His power!* They *abide!* Like the Divine One, they leave the earth in their transcient personality, that they may come again in abiding spiritual power. So heaven does not *end*, but *increases* the influence of such men as Bro. Stone.

We need not sing of him:

> "He is gone: Sweet human love is gone!
> Tis' only when they spring to heaven,
> That angels reveal themselves to us!
> They sit all day beside us, and lie down at night by us—
> Who, caring not for their presence, ruse or sleep;
> And all at once they *leave us*;—
> And *we know them.*"

Death brings us no *revelations* concerning our beloved brother. We *knew* him! He dld not need to go to heaven for that. We knew him to be like the sun—full of light and heat. He made *us glad;* because he carried the *day within his soul.*

We think these words *belong* to him:

"In the third watch, alert and brave;
O, joy, the King to see;
To mark his anxious, scanning look
Light up, beholding me!
The long watch past; the sobbing fight
Ended; the victory won;
And, O, for *me*, His word of praise:
'*Servant of God, well done.*'"

Most affectionately, your brothers and sisters in the Marengo Baptist Church,

A. G. DUNSFORD, *Pastor.*
L. K. CRISSEY, *Clerk.*

MARENGO, March 8th, 1889.

His Associational Work.

REV. E. J. THOMAS.

IT WAS my privilege to welcome Dr. O. B. Stone into the Bloomington Baptist Association, in this city on the 18th of Nov., 1876. Now it is my sad pleasure to review his influence on this field. Here he has been most of the time for the last twelve years.

Divine revelation informs us that, "no man liveth to himself." We are imitators; we follow in the footsteps of each other. Every one contributes to lead humanity to a higher plane of civilization and excellency, contributes to lead men up to God; or he is by his influence vitiating and corrupting the community, dragging men down to ruin.

A man is known by his characteristic traits. To ascertain the influence of Dr. Stone, let us inquire what were his leading life traits?

First, he was a man of *convictions*. On great moral and religious questions, he did not waver or vacillate. He formed his opinions, and his conclusions were expressed in terms that were unequivocal, in clear statements, honest, without concealment or deception.

Second, he was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit. He was a devoted, consecrated man of God. He esteemed the Word of God. The Bible was his text-book, the guide of his life. By him, every human opinion was tested by the unerring Word of God, and his aim was to reject every opinion that came in conflict with that *standard*.

Third, he was a man of *peace*. Paul to the Romans said, (xii:18) "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peace-

ably with all men." To Dr. Stone, this was an agreeable command. But, while from choice he was a man of peace, yet if from unavoidable circumstances, it was necessary to contend earnestly for the faith delivered to the saints, he was willing to do any work his Master required of him. Rather than sanction error he was a man of war—bold and vigorous in advocating what he considered right. He did not tax his ingenuity to find soft words of palliation for error, corruption or vice. The seal of the Baptist Missionary Union, represents a noble ox standing, the plow on one side, the altar on the other, with the words above, "Ready for either." Dr. Stone, from choice, was for peace, but if the Master required it, he was ready for war.

Fourth, he was a *liberal* man. He believed the Word of God, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." He believed in "honoring God with his substance," as the Lord required of His people. He was forward in doing what he considered to be duty and right. He was not the man to talk about his *proportion*, his *share*. He did not measure by the rule of others, but by right and duty as he understood it.

Fifth, he was the *patient sufferer*. Under very severe afflictions for years; patient when his body was racked with a painful disease—patient when human unkindness withered the soul of the man whose body was fast sinking to the grave. He was not only faithful, but patient unto death.

Sixth, the Bible says, "no man dieth to himself." The influence is felt. "He being dead yet speaketh." As he lived a disciple of the Lord of life, he departed from this abode in the same way, inspiring those around him to say, "Let me live the life of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

During life, the great aim of Dr. Stone, since he became the child of God by faith, was to honor Christ, his Savior. In his last moments the same ruling passion was strong in death.

Wm. Carey, the pioneer missionary, who gave the heathen world the Word of God in forty different languages; Adoniram Judson, who gave his long, earnest, devoted life and service to India, for Christ's sake; George Dana Boardman, who commenced the work among the Karens, so greatly blessed by the God of Missions; all, all these have gone to reap their reward in

heaven, but their influence, their labors while on earth, still give inspiration to others to follow in their footsteps. So it is, so it will be, I am confident, in regard to the influence, the work, the example of Dr. Stone among us. The workmen may die, but their influence still lives to give inspiration to others. Their works of faith, and labors of love follow them. Their bodily presence may not be seen, but by their influence, they still speak.

The earnestness, the piety, the devotion, the firmness of purpose of our late dear Brother O. B. Stone, and his patience under afflictions, shall long be remembered by those who knew him, and doubtless his example will be imitated, and we will thank the Lord that he ever lived in our midst. Then when we remember that influence never ceases as long as time lasts, we may say in the language of Montgomery:

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

Dr. Stone's Evangelistic and Missionary Service.

WILLIAM H. HAIGH, D. D.

ALL that was marked and distinctive in the life and labors of Bro. Stone had its roots in his profound convictions about the reality and necessity of the spiritual life. The first sermon I heard him preach gave me the key to his life and character. It was from the text: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple." Luke xiv: 33. His object was to show that our Lord was not here making an arbitrary rule, but stating a simple fact, that absolute and total surrender to Christ was indispensable to learning the lessons of His school, that wherever the surrender was anything but total, some command or teaching of Christ would, sooner or later, cause the feet to stumble. Unconditional surrender indispensable to the beginning and continuance of Christian discipleship was a thought that pervaded every part of his teaching, and found its way into every sermon, and address and service that I ever heard from his lips.

With such convictions and with experiences corresponding to them, and with his remarkable powers of presenting whatever he believed, he was most naturally sought after for evangelistic services. The truths which need to be emphasized in times of deep religious interest, were the very truths most prominent in his regular ministry, and he loved both to dwell on them, and to aid his brethren in bringing them before the people. In the winter of 1871-2 he gave himself entirely to this service, holding meetings of great power in different parts of the State. At Brimfield, in Peoria Co., he held a meeting which moved the

whole town, bringing many prominent citizens under the power of the truth. He came from Brimfield direct to Mendota, where I was then Pastor, and held meetings for some weeks. He lived all the time in my house, and we considered it both an honor and a privilege to entertain him. He preached twice every day during the whole time, and it seemed impossible for such a series to be surpassed in the earnestness, thoroughness and solemnity with which the truth of God was presented. He was especially powerful in the detection and exposure of those false motives and excuses which keep the soul away from Christ, or, in the case of the Christian, keep him from full devotion and fidelity to duty.

He had one sermon of special mark, addressed to moral men who trust to their natural goodness and fidelity to all relations with men, and who see no need of Christ. This sermon he preached in various parts of the country, and in the hearing of some of our ablest ministers, and it was pronounced everywhere one of the most powerful sermons to which they had ever listened. The text was in Malachi 1:6: "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if then I be a father, where is mine honor? And if I be a master, where is my fear? saith the Lord." He showed that instead of the fidelity of men in all their relations to others proving that they were not sinners, it did but aggavate their guilt before God that they loved and served men, but failed to love and serve God. This sermon was greatly blessed with us as in other places, and some men who had been stout-hearted against all appeals were brought to bow in submission before God.

A man with such convictions, and such experiences, was necessarily a missionary at heart. Whenever the voice of God called, he was ready to obey; wherever the hand of God pointed, he was ready to go. He was just the man to hear the Divine call to California, at a time when that State was in the midst of its earliest agitations. I have heard him describe, with almost breathless interest, the days when vigilance committees had to take in hand the control of ungodly men. After his return to the East, he was soon selected, by reason of his extensive acquaintance with the country, his powerful convic-

tions, and his great energy, as District Secretary of the Home Mission Society for the West, and for several years he gave his life to this important work, at a time when the opening of the New West called for special and enlarged effort to meet its needs. It was during one of his visits to this State in 1866, 23 years ago, that I first formed his acquaintance. In this work he continued for several years, bringing to it that earnestness of purpose, and loftiness of appeal for which he was most remarkable. He afterwards became pastor at La Fayette, Ind., Rockford, Marengo, and finally Bloomington, Ill. On all these fields he carried out, in a way that never can be forgotten, the principles which governed his own life. No sooner did he appear at our General Association, held that year at Champaign, than he made himself felt as a man of power. He stirred all hearts by his vigorous appeals. He was at once placed on the Committee on Higher Education, and on the State Board, and was looked up to as a leader. His views of the completeness of Christian consecration, gave him a leverage for appealing for money which few could resist. He pressed home, with living power the thought, that every Christian is a steward, and what he is and what he has must be held subject to Divine call. There were special occasions when his leadership in this direction was made memorable.

At Canton, in 1873, beginning with a plan to raise $1,000 for the Church Edifice Fund, his burning words wrought with such power that $3,500 was raised in pledges in a few minutes. At Alton, in 1875, a similar appeal was made in behalf of the State debt, and $1,257 was quickly given. At the Carrollton Association, in 1878, he was specially invited to present the same theme.

Nor was this service simply public and official. He carefully, for many years, adjusted his own contributions to the standard he set up for others. He was a careful, far-sighted business man, and he used his utmost skill in providing means for benevolent work. His liberality was unusual and well known, his officers testifying, that sometimes his gifts for an object were larger than the contributions of the whole church of which he was Pastor.

His lofty devotion showed itself in all his life. He really seemed to have no conception of any need to pause or rest, or that any allowance could be made for human weakness, or human frailty. No martyr ever went to the stake with a finer courage, or more unfaltering step, than that with which he went forward in every day's duty. In the days of the martyrs, O. B. Stone would have been one of the foremost. At the same time he had the tenderest and most loving heart, and I count it as one of the privileges of my life to have known him and enjoyed his confidence and love.

A letter just received from Rev. Dr. Bulkley, of Shurtleff College, after referring to a number of the incidents just mentioned, concludes with these beautiful and appropriate words, with which this brief sketch may fittingly close :

"Few men among us have reached his altitude. Clear headed, self-poised, large hearted, well balanced, symmetrically developed, he was ever the trusted friend, the wise counsellor, the profound divine, the pure and noble Christian gentleman. No language of mine can convey my appreciation of the nobleness of his character—one of the grandest men in the Baptist ministry of Illinois. I loved him as a brother, I revered him as a minister."

The Closing Years.

JNO. L. JACKSON, D. D.

IT WOULD NOT be fitting to end these memorial services without some reference to the period of his life when Dr. Stone was laid aside from active work. These were years of great bodily suffering. The body cast in an iron mould gradually gave way at the insidious march of that disease, which always brings with it such intense anguish. It is nine years since that memorable winter when he attempted the double work of ministering to a suffering wife at home and carrying on a revival in the church. The work was too much even for his strength. Those inexorable physical laws, which regard neither goodness of heart nor nobleness of purpose demanded the penalty.

That effort closed the work of his public ministry. The time that elapsed since then has been a period of gradually failing strength and increasing bodily pain. First he was missed from the pulpit. Then the faltering step was seen no more on the streets. At last his seat was vacant in the house of God, and he was held a prisoner in his home.

These weary days were not spent in repining. Throughout the long imprisonment he kept up a cheerful courage. He would sometimes, in a half humorous way, refer to his trembling limbs. His face would always light up with a smile of welcome when his friends came to call upon him. He seldom referred to his sufferings except when spoken to on the subject, and then he always looked upon the bright side, assuring us that it was all for the best, and that the Heavenly Father made no mistakes in dealing with his children.

While shut up in the house his interest was still intense in the world that lay without. Especially did he follow with keenest sympathy the work of spreading the Gospel of Christ. The triumphs in the Mission fields were his triumphs. The successes in the local church of which he was a member were his successes. Though not permitted to help by deed and exhortation, he was a true helper in prayer, in consultation and in sympathy. Were any in the church in trouble? He had a kind and helpful word. Were any sick? He forgot his own sufferings in sympathy with them. Were any asking the way to God? How deep was his interest in their salvation.

During the last year of his life he was greatly concerned, with the rest of the church, in the effort to erect the new house of worship. He could not permit the building to go forward without his name upon the subscription list with a generous offering. When it was at last dedicated to the worship of God, and the church sang the Doxology over the finished work, no heart beat with greater joy over its consummation than that one which is so still to-night.

In his sympathy and love for the rest of the world, it seemed that he thought little of himself. I doubt not that he escaped the consciousness of much suffering by his great interest in other people.

Perhaps others would be glad to know what was his opinion of the effect of suffering upon the moral and spiritual nature of man. I remember that he once said: "The common opinion is that sorrow softens the heart and leads men to God. This, however, is not its natural effect. Without the grace of God, to teach patience and submission, it will harden the heart and lead to doubt and unbelief. Nothing but divine grace can make affliction a blessing to the race."

He had that grace in his heart, and so he received the blessing that may accompany pain and anguish of body. I observed that, as the months passed by and his bodily afflictions became more severe, he grew more tender to those about him, and more trusting in the kind Father in heaven. His great, strong nature ripened into the beauty and grace of a childlike experience. The Sculptor aimed every blow with infinite wisdom, taking off

the rough edges, and leaving the character rounded, smooth and beautiful.

During the closing months people would sometimes say to me, "We cannot visit Dr. Stone. He suffers so much that it excites our sympathy and gives us pain." For my own part, I seldom thought of that home as a place of suffering. I found there such patience and cheerfulness, such trust in God, and love for men, that it seemed a very gate of heaven. I used to delight to linger there. I was his pastor, but he was more than pastor to me. A minister of the gospel of large and varied experience, a saint of God, triumphant in the midst of great affliction, I found in his society a strength and inspiration for my work, such as I often sorely needed.

In calling to mind these nine long years of waiting, I do not think that we should allow our thoughts to dwell chiefly upon his afflictions. With his pain came much pleasure, and in his sorrow he had great joy. He had meat to eat that the world knew not of. I have heard it often said that in his home was the greatest suffering in our fair city. I do not know but that it was the happiest home in the city. Perhaps in all our broad streets there was not a happier man than he. I know he had much reason to rejoice and be glad. God had given him many blessings, some of the very richest that a mortal can enjoy. He had a family,—and what a family! With loving children ministering to every want, watching over him with tenderest sympathy; with a wife, a true helpmeet in days of strength, and a brave fellow-sufferer in days of weakness, what more could a man ask for to make on earth a happy home. When such a home becomes a prison, as indeed his was to him, love transforms it into a palace, and makes his chains ornaments of gold. He had more than the love of home. The church, of which he was a faithful pastor in the days of his strength, and in whose service he sacrificed his health, did not forget him in his affliction. As far as they were permitted, they were glad to do anything to smooth the bed of pain. Even beyond what their hands could do, their love went out in sympathy and prayer for him. The Baptist Brotherhood, in this state and in other states, did not forget his services in the cause of Christ, and constantly

sent to him assurances of their good-will and their appreciation of his work.

With such a home, such a church, such a brotherhood, could the severest pain rob him of his joy? Could bodily anguish reach deep enough to disturb his peace of mind?

Beyond all earthly love and sympathy was the fellowship with his Saviour, which transformed his sick room into a Bethel, and made the closing years of his sorrowful pilgrimage a veritable walk to Emmaus.

Shall we call such a life a suffering one? How false will be our memory of his closing years, if we bring his pain into the foreground, and regard that as his chief portion. He had an inheritance of good things, such as few men on earth have enjoyed. He was rich in the estate which his Heavenly Father had given him, and he lived in it contented and happy to the last.

The end has come. The story of his life has been told. The earthly joy and sorrow are passed. To him the golden gates have opened. The Master has already said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Memorial Tributes.

AT THE Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Bloomington Church in 1887, a historical sketch was read from the pen of Dr. S. Bishop, deacon of the church for many years. From it we take the following extract:

"In the beautiful, tender and impressive farewell sermon of Dr. C. E. Hewitt, he bespeaks for the church 'that soon his successor be secured, and that he be an *honest*, *sound*, *judicious*, *devoted* pastor, who *conscientiously* and *earnestly* preaches the Gospel of Christ; a man who will both *feed* and *tend* the flock of God.'

"This language seems almost prophetic, for on the 15th day of October following, it had a literal fulfilment. Dr. O. B. Stone was the succeeding pastor, and the ideal one of Mr. Hewitt. He was *honest*, he was *sound*, he was *judicious*, he was a *devoted* pastor, he *did conscientiously* and *earnestly* preach the Gospel of Christ, and he *did* both *feed* and *tend* the flock of God; and, sorrowful to be said, he was offered up 'upon the sacrifice and service of their faith.' For towards the close of a four years' service, he was compelled from failing health, brought on from excessive daily labor, and care by night for his sick wife, to ask the church that his pastorate might close the last Sabbath in July. This beloved man of God, though ever since that time entirely disabled, still lives among us, a monument of self-sacrificing devotion in the interests of others, and of cheerful faith, and patience in suffering. During Dr. Stone's pastorate there were 168 additions, 98 of whom were by baptism."

The following beautiful tribute was published in the *Examiner*.

REV. O. B. STONE, D. D.

"This noble and stalwart man of God passed to his reward and rest a short time ago, in the city of Bloomington, Ill. He

was born in Homer, N. Y., and at the age of eighteen he was baptized by Dr. Edward Bright. Dr. Stone was educated at Madison University and Rochester Theological Seminary, and was ordained to the ministry in Xenia, O., the sermon being preached by Dr. D. B. Cheney. He began his work in the far West, taking the Gospel into the saloons and gambling dens of the Pacific coast. In 1864 he received an appointment as Home Mission Secretary, his field being the entire region west of New York and Pennsylvania. After three years service he was offered the Secretaryship with Dr. Backus, but his longing for the pastorate was so great that he declined this appointment.

"And what a noble work in the pastorate he did! He was a man of the very deepest convictions, and of a mighty courage. I have seen and heard him lift up his bold voice against some popular local evil, though others were weak, and trembling, and silent. There was something majestic and awe-inspiring in him at such times, and men felt as though he were clothed with the power and authority of the Almighty; he impressed men as a messenger of God. In his pastoral work he was indefatigable, and was always doing evangelistic work in some out-station, riding through night, and storm, and bitter cold to preach the Gospel, and persuade men to become reconciled to God. He was a man also of large generosity, setting an example of giving to his churches, and he was unselfish and hospitable to the extreme.

"In 1879, while pastor at Bloomington, Ill., he was stricken with paralysis, and has since been growing more and more helpless with the years. All this time his wife has been also greatly afflicted, but no word of complaint have I ever heard escape his lips—cheerful, happy, hopeful, patient, thankful, sunny and bright down to the last. A noble, heroic, self-denying, mighty man of valor and of God has fallen in the ranks; but his memory is sacred, and his name is honored, and his work endures. May his mantle fall on us. He was at one time a faithful and loving pastor of mine, and as I think of this bold prophet ascending to his God, my soul cries out, 'My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.'"

KITTREDGE WHEELER.

"We were not taken by surprise to hear of the departure of Bro. Stone. Ever since we were with you we had been looking for it. Indeed, in view of his constant suffering, our prayer had been: Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take him to his long desired rest; and yet if health could have been restored, for none could we have desired a longer stay in this world than he. He was a noble and excellent man, we loved him as a brother. A man of wonderful intellectual power, and all of his ability of body and mind consecrated to the cause of Christ. Work was his delight, and none labored more indefatigably, while permitted to do so. And he was encouraged by the evidence that his labors were not in vain in the Lord. Wherever he proclaimed the Gospel, he made a deep impression, he spoke as one divinely commissioned, and many were the trophies he won to the Savior, which are now studding his crown. We shall never forget his labors with us in Brimfield, when some fifty were gathered into the church, and his influence for good is still felt there; and so it is in all the fields where he toiled. Now, while he rests from his labors, his works do follow him; yes, and they will continue to follow him to the end of time. His long period of patient suffering has made an impression in Bloomington, throughout Illinois, and wherever he was known, that will long be felt. While shut away from the world, he was more powerfully than ever preaching to the world."

A. Guy.

"I have just heard that your dear husband has gone to his rest, and is to be buried to-day. It is just too late to go in person, as I wish I could do, but I hasten to send you a word of sympathy.

"Doubtless the friends will sing to day these words so fitting for him:

"'Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'

"His name might have been Boanerges, for while like John, he had a great loving heart, he was verily one of the 'Sons of

Thunder.' He was a man of great devotion and of great power in public appeal. He was especially great in great emergencies.

"If he had a weakness, it was in allowing himself to do too much. I felt very sad when he broke down, and have had great sympathy with both of you since; I do not now feel sad on his account. The long waiting is over, and the reward is his. Praise God!"

C. E. Hewitt.

" Your letter tells us that he entered Heaven on the morning of Wednesday, Feb. 20th. Blessed day! We are not able to regard it so much as the day of his *death*, as of his *promotion* into the company of the just made perfect in Immanuel's Land; the consummation of his intense desires and prayers, from which our love for him would not have detained him for a single hour. That the child of a King has gone home to the glory of his Father's house, we are assured. We congratulate *him*. We congratulate *you*. We congratulate that immortal company.

" 'What did we ask, with all our love for him,
But just a little breath of fuller life
To float the laboring lungs. And God
Hath given him Life itself, Everlasting Life.

" 'What did we seek? Some healing clime
For him we loved? He has found that shore,
That city whose inhabitants
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

" 'What did we wish but perfect peace
To soothe the troubled anguish of his breast;
And numbered with the loved and called,
He enters an untroubled rest.'

" ——— feel that with you are the tenderest emotions of our hearts, and unspeakable sympathy. May the sweet consolations, the words fragrant of comfort and joy, with which you have comforted many another suffering heart come back to you after many days, as bread and wine, to strengthen and cheer your own."

In all the tenderness of long-standing affection,

Your Brothers and Sisters
in the Marengo Baptist Church.

"It does seem to me that above all the ambassadors of the Master, Dr. Stone was sent to me direct, with a special message, as a teacher, leader, comforter and help. I look back to the days when he first came to Bloomington, and call to mind the sermons upon christian character and christian work. They were so helpful to me in young manhood, when I was seeking or waiting for my work to be pointed out to me.

"January, 1878, by his influence, I was elected Superintendent of our Sabbath school. Unfit and inexperienced I stood before him and before the Master trembling. It was then that Dr. Stone, in his gentle, loving way, taught me that my strength, as well as his, was in our weakness, and he went with me to the source of strength, wisdom and experience, asking that Strong Arm to aid and guide. Then it was that I undertook the work, as best I could, of leading the children to the Savior. This was the beginning of what has proven to me so beneficial, a work I have enjoyed more than any other I ever attempted. During the years that he was my pastor, not a week passed without our consulting together, and bringing to the Savior together the interests of our school, which was at that time larger than it had ever been before. In the children's meetings, many were brought into the church, and to the knowledge of the truth.

"As soon as I was fairly started in the work of the Superintendent, God seemed to open up larger fields to me. As from township Presidency to county, district, and finally to the state Presidency, Dr. Stone was by my side, in counsel and in prayer, and at every turn, and upon all occasions, he seemed to enjoy my success at the hands of the Lord as much as his own. I can but say that all that I have been able to accomplish under God, the credit largely belongs to that dearly beloved, ever kind and faithful pastor.

"When laid aside from actual service, again he was a wonderful help to me, as well as to all who knew him. His patience, his smiles, his trust, were sermons more comprehensive, more effectual, if possible, than those he preached from the pulpit, for what he preached while in health, he lived and enjoyed while in affliction. He who so often told us that the Lord, in time of trouble, would hide us in the secret of His pavillion, proved that

God fulfilled all his promises. His patient life and kind words are to-day not only ringing in my ears, and remembered in my heart, but also in the hearts and ears of those that knew him. His life and his death are positive evidences of the truth of the religion which he professed and taught, that Christ and His grace are sufficient to the Christian, in joy and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, in life and in death."

J. R. Mason.

Rockford, Feb. 21st.

Dear Sister:—"I mentioned the death of your dear husband in our meeting last evening. All who knew him were much affected and seemed deeply moved. The pastor, Dr. S., immediately arose and made some very touching remarks, and requested that we spend a season of prayer for God's blessing upon the family of our deceased brother. Some fifteen minutes were then spent in this way, and I was requested to convey the sympathies of the church to you in this hour of affliction."

S. P. Crawford.

"How thankful I am that dear uncle's last hours were so quiet and easy. Oh! how he has suffered! What a change it must be for his liberated soul! It sends a thrill through me to think of the glories which surround him this moment, and to think we shall soon join him. I am so glad that I had the opportunity of hearing his voice, and receiving his blessing before he went home to glory. O, that I may be a worthy successor. May his ministerial mantle fall on me. I do treasure what I have received from him so highly. His useful life has been a continual inspiration."

L. W. Terry.

My Dear Mother:—"May God sustain you in this hour of great affliction. While we all sorrow, and you above us all, that dear father is no longer with us, we can not but rejoice that he

has found rest, and that he is far happier now than when he was with us. I love my father, and his nobility of character shall ever live in my memory, and encourage me in my journey through life. I have never yet met a man more consecrated to God's service. I never knew him to avoid any Christian work because of its unpleasantness. He was willing to die daily, that lost souls might be led to enlist under the banner of Christ. Dear mother, as he has helped you, so he is helping and will continue to help me. It is a great hardship for us to be away from you at this time."

Your Sorrowing Son,

Ed.

"No preaching of the Word ever took hold on me, as did his plain, earnest presentation of it; every sermon seemed for *me*, and I appropriated it to my own benefit. His prunings were often humiliating to my pride, but always healthful to my soul, and I shall always thank God that I had the privilege of his teaching. I count it a great honor, too, to have been one of his intimate personal friends, and to have had his influence in my home, in leading my husband and children to Christ. When others had urged my husband to join the Church thinking he was converted, he urged him to 'repent, and turn to the Lord,' and this plain exhortation he heeded to the saving of his soul. The children have always loved and revered him, and loved to hear him preach. Though his sermons might not have seemed *specially* adapted to children, yet the truth plainly spoken does reach the hearts of the children. I count it such a privilege during these years of his sickness to have met him often, and death will never seem so dreadful, since I have seen how he looked upon it so calmly, even cheerfully."

D. L. McF.

"We have been living over in memory the years of the past, when we 'took sweet counsel together' concerning the Master's work. How much we used to enjoy your visits and Bro. Stone's sermons. How they helped us. His words and his influence

still live to bless many, though he himself has gone. We pray there be revealed to you such visions of glory as shall make you to forget the pain and sorrow of earth."

E. B. F.

"Asleep in Jesus; gone to rest; basking in the pure light of heaven; singing the songs of the redeemed around the throne of God. O, what joy is his to-day, freed from all pain and suffering, and 'safe in the arms of Jesus.' He has gone just a little in advance, and is now waiting to give you a cheerful and joyous welcome."

H. M. O.

"I imagine there was a shout of victory as he entered through the gates, for he went bearing his sheaves with him. I shall never forget his kindness to me and mine. Dear mother loved him so dearly. How disappointed she was if anything hindered his daily visit to her. He was, indeed, a faithful and loving shepherd."

J. C.

"I shall always remember him with great affection. His calls were always so helpful to me. I shall never forget that evening before you went away, as we knelt together in the parlor, and united in prayer that God's blessing might rest upon us. My heart was very tender as we sang those beautiful hymns that you and Mr. Stone used to sing with so much expression."

M. E. B.

"Those of us who have worked with Mr. Stone, can testify that he was a grand, *good* man, earnest and faithful. We can truly say that he was a 'good steward of the manifold grace of God,' and what more can we say."

F. W. P.

"I have just heard of Dr. Stone's death. I feel that in his demise I have lost a most trusty adviser, as well as a dear friend."

D. D. H.

"I mourn with those that mourn. He baptized me. I loved him because he was like a father; always greeted me with a smile, even when suffering untold agony.

E. F. P.

"O, what a joyful release. 'No crape, no mourning, no darkening of the windows for one on whom has fallen the light of the eternal kingdom; no tears for him who has gone where tears are wiped away forever.' Our hearts go out in sympathy for you, but we feel that He, who never lays a new burden without giving strength to meet it, is nigh."

E. L. P.

"I think of you as I last saw you, sitting there together so cheerful, your children, so helpful and kind. Then I think of the morning prayers, when heaven seemed to come down our souls to meet at the blest mercy seat."

D. S. K.

" 'Christ was in him the hope of glory,' and that to the help of many. In times of discouragement and trial, I have had such spiritual help and comfort from him. As I came away from your home, I felt each time that I had been blessed of the dear Lord, through the words spoken there."

P. C.

"To-night the news has reached us, that the dear saint has entered into rest. How blissful has been this, his first Sabbath in Paradise!

'In the sweet fields of Eden,
There is rest for the weary.'

The measure of his suffering was at last full, and the patient waiting for release, is now receiving infinite reward. A song of victory seems more fitting than any sound of mourning. Even your lone heart could not for a moment desire his recall."

Mrs. H. H. H.

" 'Naught of grief or care
Shall he know now, nor ever burdens bear;
For, far beyond the darkness was he led,
Until at last, by Life's great fountain head,
He breathed the essence of eternal air
In Heaven's fields, in those bright valleys where
There is no sorrow, and there are no dead;
Peace, rest and hope, all these, I know are his.
By the heavenly gates,
Past the dark billows of the unknown sea,
Through all the days to come, he bravely waits,
Loving and true, he waits to welcome thee,' "

C. C. F.

Sermons.

I had not thought I could make any use of my husband's sermons, as none of them are completely written. But while waiting for a few days, for an expected paper, my daughter brought them to me, to examine. I was delighted to find that I could make a rather full outline of some of them. I said, "my husband shall preach again." And so these few briefs are presented, accompanied by the prayer that the Spirit of God may more than compensate to the reader what is lacking in personal presence, and elucidation of thought. I would that they might be considered as a message of comfort, warning or exhortation, directly from their author, with the added emphasis which the light of the unseen world would give them.

MARK, xvi: 15-16: "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.*"

NO COMMAND of Christ comes with so much emphasis to His people. This was His last command. Words more compact and mighty were never uttered. For three years He had been teaching His followers how and what to do. He now gathers up and embodies in one brief lesson the main points; a lesson which is forever to be to His church a compendium of both doctrine and duty.

Then, too, the circumstances under which this lesson or command was given, gives great weight and impressiveness; the pains Christ took to have all present—the repeated notices previously given of that meeting in Galilee, at which He gave the command. He had threaded His way alone, only a few followers. But He seemed intent upon having one great meeting, one general gathering. Before His death He gave notice of it "After I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee." Then on the morning of His resurrection, when those women stood by His empty tomb, two angels appeared to them and gave them this message: "He is risen, but go tell His disciples, that He goes before you into Galilee." He gave notice, and now reminds them. Then later, Jesus himself meets them, and says: "Go, tell my brethren, that I go into Galilee; there shall they meet me." They must have spread the notice, for five hundred assembled in response to it. The most intense interest must have been awakened. These repeated notices must have awakened the highest expectations of what should transpire there. All eyes were open, all ears were listening. The communications of that hour, will carry emphasis and weight, such as will come from no other hour.

And what is the communication which He has to make, and for which He called all these together, many from distant places? He appears in their midst and says: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." This is all. If He said or did anything beside, it is not recorded.

He again repeats this command at the moment of His ascension, as His farewell words. The command was first given to the five hundred, who represented all His followers; then to those who gathered around Him, and witnessed His ascension.

Now, in the light of these facts, can there be any question as to the main work of the Church, through all time? Could instruction be more definite, explicit, emphatic? And there is a depth of meaning in every word. This command was to be emblazoned on every Christian banner, and sway every Christian heart. These words are packed with doctrine, as well as duty. The duty here enjoined is to "preach the Gospel;" that is publish it; carry the joyous message to every creature. If you are to carry an oral message, the first thing is to understand the message. Without it you run in vain. Now what is the message that we are commanded to carry to every creature? It is called the Gospel. What is the good news, the message which is for every one? It is this, that a Savior has been provided; that the sentence of death upon you has been lifted; that Jesus has died in our stead, has paid the debt we owe; that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son to die for us;" that you are out from under the curse of the law; that He has redeemed you; that "He died for your sins, and rose again for your justification;" that He has settled all the claims that the Father held and all the claims of law. The law has no claims. The Father has no claims. We are only amenable to Christ. "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son." He determines upon what terms we may be saved, and he has made the terms easy, so easy that all may be saved. He says: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

But what am I to believe in order to be saved? Believe that He died for me; that he paid the debt for me. "Believe the record that God gave of His Son." What is the record? "That God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son to die for them;" that "He laid upon Him the iniquities of us all;" that "He bore our sins in His own body;" that "He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Believe that "He tasted death for every man;" that "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself;" that "He gave Himself a ransom for us;" that "as by the offense of one, judgment came upon all, so by the righteousness of one, the free gift is upon all;" that "as by the disobedience of one many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one, many are made righteous." Believe this record; that these are *facts*. Every one is called upon to believe that his sins are canceled; that his sins are put away, washed

away, remitted. He is to believe this, and then declare it in baptism. He is to express it in this beautiful symbol. Believe that your sins are washed away, and then go down into the water and express it. Put the fact believed into a symbolic form. Believe that your heart is sprinkled from an evil conscience, then let your body be washed in water to symbolize the cleansing. Believe that Christ's blood on the heart has purified it, then declare it. Symbolize in the outward what has transpired within. Believe that your sins are remitted, then be baptized for this remission, on the account of it, for the reason of this remission. You believe that Christ died and rose in your stead; that you died and rose with Him; now declare this in baptism. Be buried with Him by baptism. Go down into this symbolic death with Him, and be raised with Him to newness of life.

In baptism we declare in a figure that we are saved. Peter says, by the ark eight souls were saved, "the like figure whereunto baptism doth now save us, not the putting away of the sins of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience before God." If we believe that we are saved, conscience demands that we confess it.

Then Peter goes on to say that God has given evidence that we are saved, in that He hath raised up Christ from the dead, and put Him at His right hand. We are to believe that we are saved by the death and resurrection of Christ, and then confess it in baptism. True, Christ did not always put in baptism He promised salvation to believers, but He assured us that if we believed, we would obey.

Then believing in Christ, is believing in Him as a substitute; and believing in Christ as a substitute involves a great deal. It is a most comprehensive moral transaction. It is a confession of sin that is most humiliating; a recognition of helplessness. It is a recognition of God's love. It is voluntarily identifying one's self with Christ. So we can say as Paul did, "it is no longer I that live, but Christ lives within me."

And it takes away all sense of condemnation. "He that believeth in me is not condemned." He has no sense of condemnation. He cannot have, for to believe in Christ is to believe that he paid our debt. How feel a debt that is paid? Were you owing at a bank, and one came and said, "I have paid your debt," and after this you feel that you owe—why this feeling? You don't believe your friend who says he paid it. Unbelief makes him a liar. So Paul says unbelief makes God a liar.

You see that there can be no condemnation to one who believes. Paul exultingly exclaims, "who is he that condemneth?

It is Christ that justifies." He points to the cross, to the open grave, then up to the throne. See, he says, where my substitute stands. We are in Christ. Our life is hid with Christ, involved in Christ's life, as safe as Christ is.

" He that believeth and is baptized *shall be* saved." We are not on trial. Christ took our place under the law. The Father accepted Him as our substitute.

Faith receives Christ. Baptism declares it openly. "As many of us as are baptized have put on Christ," as soldiers put on the uniform.

Now this is the Gospel we are commanded to preach to every creature. Is it not good news? *The* good news, as if there were no other. Then we are to teach them to "observe all things," not old Testament commandments, but Christ's commandments.

Then the word *preach* is significant. It means *publish*, as a herald. A herald was expected to leave all, and hasten and publish in a full animated tone, so as to be heard, so as to arrest attention; to be heard by as many as possible, never stopping to argue. He must proclaim with confidence the message. Manner is almost everything in a herald. It must be apparent to all that he believes his message, and that he feels the force of it. " We believe, therefore we speak." A timid, doubting herald is a failure, and especially one who proclaims such a message as this: "he that believeth not shall be damned." He who declares that unbelief is criminal, must not betray a weakness in faith. He will prove a failure if he does. We are to assume that the message bears evidence of truthfulness. It needs no confirmation, or corroboration, or proof. No matter how successful the argument, it destroys and takes from the force of the message. From the nature of the message, it stands upon its own authority; for the message is that "he that believeth not shall be damned."

The apostle said that it was by the foolishness of preaching that men were saved. And he says that he preached the Word with simplicity and godly sincerity; that he did not speak with fleshly wisdom, so that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of this world. " My speech was not with enticing words." He let the message speak for itself. We are but servants who bring the message from the King. Let the Message speak. Present it as God's message.

Jesus said, "Ye shall be my witnesses to the uttermost part of the earth." *Witnesses*, not *attorneys*. Simply state facts. An attorney may argue, plead, display logic, eloquence, learning; these aid him in securing a verdict, but they are disparaging in a witness. Simplicity and sincerity give weight to his

statement. The eyes of the court and jurors are upon him. The least display of self disparages his testimony. So we stand before men. Who have been the successful ministers in all ages? Those who have published the message with simplicity and confidence, relying upon the truth to convict, not upon their logic; and this will be the case. Then does one ask, of what avail is scholarship, learning, and eloquence? It requires the highest, most comprehensive scholarship to see truth in all its bearings, and to put truth in its clearest and simplest forms. Christ can and did employ uncultured and ignorant men, but when He would have a master workman, to go forth and plant churches in the great cities of Asia and Europe, and under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, to mould and shape the faith and practice of the churches, through all time, He selects a man of highest culture and scholarship, a man who is above pedantry. Then, to learning, scholarship is reckoned a power. When a learned man speaks, the world listen and attach importance to his words. He is supposed to possess superior advantages of knowing the truth. His words come with all the weight of his reputed scholarship. This gives him advantage. When such a man preaches the Gospel with simplicity and confidence, this simple Gospel, with a soul all on fire, as if it were *the message*, men will listen.

Scholarship and eloquence are a power when behind the message, but they detract when brought to the front. It is not true, or ought never to be true, that a minister, whose culture and habits of thought are not much removed from his hearers, should be successful. His power and success ought to be in the ratio of his culture, and will be if he is wise and does not pervert education.

But again, mark the language of the Commission: "Go ye." It was addressed to 500 disciples. It was meant for the Church in all ages—the great work of the Church. This was to be the characteristic of the Gospel dispensation. Isaiah, looking down the ages, saw Zion, the Church of God, transformed into a vast body of heralds, shouting from mountain top to mountain top. He heard voices saying "prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, every mountain be brought low, and crooked places be made straight, and rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."

The Old Dispensation was anti-mission: the New is a missionary dispensation. The ancient Jews were not to carry the light to other nations, but to retain it. The law for them was isolation, separation; now it is permeation. They had not grace or moral stamina to endure contact with idolatry. God

had to put a wall about them. They were to drive out other nations from their midst. Whoever from outside nations came among them, must be driven out, or must adopt their religion. But as soon as the Church received power from on high, they were to go to every people, preaching the Gospel. And when this power came at Pentecost, observe the form that the Holy Spirit assumed. "There appeared unto them cloven tongues, as of fire, and sat on each of them." How significant! Tongues of fire; *cloven*, pointing Heavenward, sitting upon *each* of them. They began to speak immediately; to speak in all the languages of the multitude assembled. And they spake with tongues of fire. How appropriate and significant this symbol that sat upon each of them. How it harmonizes with the Commission, and with His prophetic promise, when the Holy Ghost is come "ye shall be my witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth;" with your tongues, you shall testify of me. How expressive those tongues of fire, pointing Heavenward. Christ designed that His church should go on, publishing with tongues of fire this life message.

This is a message that angels are not allowed to publish. Human beings alone are commissioned with it. And this message must be brought to the ears of every human being, or he is lost. Though a man, a heathen, be ever so penitent and prayerful, he cannot be saved without the knowlege of Christ. Cornelius may be a devout man and fear God, and give much alms, and pray, and God may hear, but in order to be saved, some Peter must go and preach Christ to him. An angel may be sent from God to inform him where Peter is, and advise to send for him. But the angel can not publish the news, he can not be saved till he hears the Gospel from a man; till he believes in Christ. Paul says: "How can he believe on Him of whom he has not heard, and how hear without a preacher, and how preach except they be sent."

This responsibility rests on the Church. Those who can not go must send those who can go. This is *the* work of the Church, to see that every human being hears of Christ. This is to be the grand end and aim of the Church in all her plans, and in all her enterprises. Every thing else is to be subordinate to this. Every Christian should feel himself commissioned to this work. Every Church should feel that they are organized for this. Every society formed should have this as its ultimate end. Every institution established by charity should have this as its ultimate aim. The carrying out of this Commission should shape the policy of every Church enterprise. This one purpose should sway all hearts.

Our Lord and Master had one definite object before Him; it was to provide salvation. We should have one definite object, and that, to carry the news of this salvation. We are commissioned in Christ's stead.

This is the work that interests and absorbs Heaven. "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth."

And Jesus assured His people that he would be with them; with every one who is carrying out the Commission, down to the end of time. He has been thus far, and has prospered the message; He will prosper it. Talk about missions being a failure; the Church has never had success in any other work. She has succeeded only as animated by the missionary spirit. She never will succeed without it. The early Christians seemed in a degree to understand the Commission. They went everywhere preaching the Word, and in a few years they came near filling the earth with the knowledge of Christ. Then the missionary spirit died out, and a long period of darkness followed. Now the missionary spirit is beginning to revive. O, that it might be fully revived.

How speedily would it usher in the millenium, when none would say to his brother, "Know ye the Lord," but "all should know Him, from the least unto the greatest," and "the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas."

May the Lord hasten that time.

GENESIS, v: 24: "*Enoch Walked With God.*"

RELIGION is personal in all senses of the word. It brings man personally into the presence of a present God The word religion means *rebind*, implying that a former union has been broken. When man was placed in the Garden of Eden, he was in harmony with his maker. They communed together and were of one accord. When man sinned God departed from him. He could not abide with sin. Religion is bringing the two together again—reconciling them — so the Gospel is called "the Gospel of reconciliation." It is no religion where God is viewed as an abstraction. There is no binding between man and an abstraction.

The word implies personality. The object of Christ is to restore the relation between man and God. He is a Mediator, a Reconciler. "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself through Christ." He *atones* for sin, brings God and man at one again.

So many confound religion and morality. There is not a particle of religion in morality. Morality binds man to man: religion binds to God. Morality is living right toward man: religion is living right toward God. A man may be moral and yet be an infidel. "The first commandment is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." God's claim is first.

What if a man walks in harmony with man, if he refuses to walk in harmony with God? He is honest with man. He appreciates man. Religion is a rebinding to God. It is a doing for God. God does not promise rewards in the next life for morality. No; He teaches that it pays here to be honest.

These Pharaisees that claim salvation on account of their good deeds, Jesus says to them—You have no claims upon me. You do not these things out of reverence for me. But if you give a cup of water in my name, it shall have its reward. If you visit the sick, or one of the least of my children *religiously*, I will say "come in, ye blessed of my Father." You may feed a hundred persons, but not in Christ's name. If there is any religion in it, He will reward it.

Heaven is God's home. He takes those there who walk with him here. How out of place to receive one into Heaven who has never walked with God here.

Religion is a personal transaction. It is coming back to God. The first feeling of the sinner is, a sense of alienation. Then the seeking of reconciliation, so he can walk with God. Enoch walked with God in the dim flicker of the antedeluvian period. There always have been some true men. Enoch walked alone, as seeing him who is invisible.

It is a great thing to walk with God—to have such an Almighty companion, the Builder of the worlds; He who upholds all things; who is saying, "Fear not;" who will make "all things work together for good;" who says, "Ask of me whatsoever you will." "Cast your care on me." "I will be a Father to you." "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "He enters into the feeling of our infirmities."

Infidelity wants to build up a wall of adamant out of fixed laws to shut away God. However solid and fixed the wall, it cannot shut away God; no more than window glass can shut away the light. It may seem solid and fixed, but we see no panes of glass. Yonder sun 95,000,000 of miles away, sends his myriad winged messengers right through. They never stop on the pane and ask permission to come through, and we feel the warmth and enjoy the light as if nothing intervened.

So God comes through fixed laws. He comes as Jesus came into the upper room to the disciples and spake peace to them. No bars, nor bolts, nor walls can keep God from one who is reconciled to Him. He shall be filled with His company.

It is not necessary that our physical eye should see Him, but our spiritual eye. "Walk as seeing Him who is invisible." Man can get nearer to God than to any other being—can be united to Him.

The soul was made for God. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." The Psalmist said, "As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." How he grieved when God forsook him. "My tears have been my meat," he said. "Cast me not away from Thy presence, take not Thy Spirit from me."

What is it to walk with God? It is to have Him so near that you can talk to Him, and receive answers; that when you lie down to sleep, you know that He is watching over you. It is to feel "that in Thy presence is fulness of joy." It is to recognize His superintendence over all, ordering everything for us. It is coming into harmony with God. It is having a most

obedient spirit, allowing nothing to hinder our communion with Him. It is shunning evil. Never doing what is questionable. Never going to questionable places. "Come ye out from the world." If needs be, it is giving up *all.* "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."

Notice, "*Walk* with God," not *sit* with Him. By and by, we shall "sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God." Now, we must keep moving on. We should soon fall out of company, were we to sit still. "We are workers together with Christ." Activity is the law of God. It is our normal state. "Be ye *doers* of the Word." Asa when entering into battle prayed, "We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this great company." Moses proposed to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," but God said, "Go forward." We should soon fall out of company with God, if we stopped moving on. There is something in motion that keeps up courage. Soldiers are fearless when in battle, but cowardly in camp. This is the reason so many professors are cowards. A cowardly spirit comes over a church when they are doing nothing.

Notice what became of Enoch in verse 24. It does not say he died. The Lord took him home. There have been two men whom the Lord took to heaven without dying, Enoch and Elijah. Both walked with God. God sent a chariot for Elijah. He was seen to go up. Whether any saw Enoch when he was taken, we do not know.

What a grand termination to a godly life. Many a saint has been almost translated. Heaven comes down to meet them as they leave the body. Stephen saw heaven opened and Jesus standing there. Thousands since then have had visions of the other world as they were leaving this. God removes the curtain that they may see. How often the dying say, "I was never so happy as now." "The Lord was never so near to me." The soul is often filled with rapture when departing.

Let nothing come between you and the Lord. Let no friend separate you. Have to leave friends for Christ. Let no interest rise before His. Be all open to the light. When you read the Bible, ask "What is Thy will." Be so easily influenced that God can guide you with His eye. A parent can guide a loving child by a look. Be obedient, perfectly obedient. Take no thought for consequences, simply obey.

I hear some talk about essentials and non-essentials. It comes from a disloyal heart. Perfectly obedient children don't call anything commanded non-essential. Hundreds have said "You don't think baptism essential to salvation do you?" I say

"Did not Jesus command it?" "Yes; but did He not command other than essentials?" Such questioning shows a disloyal heart. There is no walking with God, and trying to evade His commands.

A man said to me, "I know that Jesus commands baptism, and if I thought He would not save me without it, I would not sleep till I had been baptized." Is such an one walking with God? There must be perfect loyalty to God, so that if He whispers a duty, you spring to it. If He only points, you run the way. There is to be no half and half work. Two halves don't make a whole in obedience. No number of fractional parts make an obedient act. He that forsakes *all* "shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Forsake *all.* O, this walking with God. How beautiful a sight from Heaven's standpoint. Walking in Heaven's light toward Heaven.

Now I know that you want God to walk *with you.* There is an infinite difference in God walking *with you*;—you lead, you go *your* way. Some are praying for the company of God. They have been praying and wonder why their prayer is not answered. They are not wanting to walk with God in *His* way, but that He should walk with them in *their* way.

The difference between true and false conversion lies here: false converts believe God has come to walk with them; true converts beleive they have gone to walk with God. Self predominates in the false. Makes them happy to think that God has come to them, is reconciled to them. You cannot tell by their happiness what they are.

Ten thousand are praying for God's coming. They mean, come with me, and do me good. They do not forsake all, but they put on their best behavior. The error is fundamental. All their life long they are trying to keep God in company with them. It is a saying "Never go where you cannot ask the Lord to go with you." It is a false maxim. Go only where the Lord asks you to go. Walk with God. Keep in His company. He will take you to His home in Heaven.

EXODUS, xxxiv: 6-7: "*And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed: The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.*"

MOSES was up in the mount for the second time. He had been up, and the people had turned to idolatry in his absence. He had seized the molten calf, burnt and ground it to powder, and made the people drink of the water upon which it was strewn. Moses had commanded that the Levites should go into the camp and slay, and three thousand were slain.

Moses was called up the second time, and then God proclaimed His character. The text contains a paradox. Most that quote it would add something explanatory. Some would say, it means the *very* guilty; others, the *impenitent*. But the text is true. Here is His character. He is infinitely merciful and just. All His graces are infinite and harmonize. He is perfect. So are all His graces. If He were more merciful or had more goodness than His other qualities, or if he were more just, or more forgiving, then He would not be perfect. But how reconcile these qualities. He is merciful and forgiving, but will by no means clear the guilty. In heaven it is understood, not on earth. Justice and mercy conflict. But the Bible says: "He is faithful and just to forgive." Justice demands it.

Court says, "Justice demands that you be punished so and so." He may compromise. God cannot. If the court forgives, he clears the guilty. He could not do otherwise. So when the Governor pardons, or men forgive each other, they clear the guilty. Pardon does not remove guilt from the soul. It clears men in their guilt. God don't clear men in their guilt. He cannot. The text says: God forgives and will not *clear* the *guilty*.

We say Christ died for us, paid the debt, stood for us. A father may die for his son. He is pardoned. Before the *law*

his son is clear. But earthly courts cannot get guilt away from the soul. They cannot contrive a way to do it. They may contrive to make a criminal penitent, still his guilt remains on him.

Now God forgives and don't clear the guilty. The sinner ceases to be guilty. So God calls them children, holy, sanctified. This is marvellous. It confounds the wise. The Bible solves the problem. God has arranged so that a forgiven sinner shall be clear of guilt, free as an angel—not clear of *sinful nature*, but *clear* of *guilt*. Not only before Heaven, but before conscience is he clear. When a governor forgives, the criminal goes with his head down. If all forgive, he cannot feel as if innocent. Now if God forgave as a governor forgives, Heaven would be no Heaven. Must I carry a sense of sin and condemnation in Heaven? Has God contrived so that we forget our sins? No, no; that would have rendered moral sensibilities obtuse. He washes out the stains. The Bible language is remarkable. "His blood cleanseth from all sin." "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." "He bore our sins in His own body." "God laid on Him the iniquities of us all." "By His stripes we are healed." We are whole, free. He has taken away the *guilt*, not simply the *penalty*. He took the load Himself; He took the blows. "His blood cleanseth from all sin." "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." "He hath blotted out all our iniquities." He don't forgive as a Governor does. He redeems, sanctifies, justifies. We are made new creatures, born again. The change is radical, so there is no condemnation.

Experience corroborates this. When men believe, and God forgives, they lose their sense of guilt. When we, the vilest, and crushed with guilt, believed in Christ and were forgiven, the load rolled off. Now we feel as free as if we had not sinned. Could go into heaven, as clear as the angels. It is wonderful, but just as the Bible teaches. O, how sad, if we had to carry a sense of guilt with us always. Wonderful that we can have our memories, and not a sense of guilt. But the Bible teaches this, and experience corroborates it. Wonderful plan; wonderful blood; wonderful redemption. This is work like God. What confounds infidels and skeptics is, that to be in Christ, takes away the sense of guilt, when we retain our memories; and that the Bible teaches this, and we state the same.

Now, the truth is, when God made man, He knew that he would fall. He had contrived a remedy adequate. God

fashioned the soul, its faculties, laws, conscience. He constructed mind so that when there was sin there should be a sense of guilt. He was able to remove the sense of guilt. He had a right to do this, as Creator. He had a right to provide a remedy. He did provide it. He had a remedy in view before He made man. The Bible teaches this. He so constituted mind that when the guilty received Christ, they should be free from guilt and the sense of guilt. So, as soon as they are pardoned, they are free. He had a right to make mind thus. So, as soon as a sinner believes, his soul rights itself up. There is an internal work, a cleansing, a purging. It is not a forensic cleansing, not a judicial cleansing. No law of our being is violated; no law of God is violated. 'Tis a work above human reason.

God pardons as a God, as a *Creator*, as the Maker of our bodies, and Former of our spirits. No one but the soul's Maker could contrive this plan, or have a right to.

When men forgive, they let go the penalty. They cannot enter the soul and wash it, cannot satisfy conscience. But before God made the soul, He had contrived a plan for cleansing it. I don't wonder that God sent an angel to tell what name to give His Son: He shall be called Jesus, "for He shall save His people from their sins." He saves wholly.

We are saved, not from the *consequences* of sin, but from *sin*. He did not bear the *consequences* of our sins, but our *sins*. "His blood cleanseth from all sin." So there is no condemnation. "We are complete in Him." "He is our righteousness." This is the Gospel. It is no superficial work. God does not clear the guilty. He cannot look upon sin with the least approbation. He demands holiness—O, the holiness of God! the holiness of heaven!

Sinner, God does not clear the guilty. He is merciful and long-suffering. He waits and wooes, and tries to bring you to the fountain for cleansing—to the Lamb, who takes away sin. He has provided a remedy; but He will by no means clear the guilty. If He could have cleared the guilty, He never would have given His Son, and His Son would never have endured death for our sins. "There is none other name given among men, whereby we must be saved."

O, what a plan of salvation, so perfect. Could men devise it, or angels? God only.

God can save and not disparage His character, but glorify all His perfections. He makes grace more conspicuous, justice and love more glorious.

Who most admire and reverence God? Who love and praise Him? We see in His works something to awaken praise; but

not till we are saved from sin, do our whole souls become vocal with His praise.

O, this glorious plan!

Do you wonder that Paul said, "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha?"

Do you wonder that angels desire to look into these things? Yet some reject it.

God will not clear the guilty.

ISAIAH, xlviii: 17: "*I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.*"

WE FAIL to realize the benevolent design of God in giving us the Bible, and in all its requirements, as if they were arbitrary, having only His profit in view. We are likely to think that God is profited by our obedience, sacrifice, prayers; while the fact is, as the text affirms, we are the ones who are profited. He never asks us to do anything but for our profit. He is not a Master exacting service from us, regardless of our interests, but He is a Father. It is all Fatherly. When He dashes a cup of pleasure from our lips, and says "Touch not," He sees poison in it. It is love which would keep us from that which is harmful, as a loving Father guards a child. He says, "Come out from the world, that I may be a Father to you." When He says, "Set not your affections on things of earth," He is telling you to put your affections on things that are worthy, on things that are lasting. When he says, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and "Take no thought for the morrow" what you shall eat and drink and wear, it is a rich Father directing you. He says, don't worry about the future, serve me, trust me, I will provide. When He says, "always abounding in the work of the Lord," it is not that He needs our service, but it is for our good to do the service. When He says, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice unto God," it is not that He is benefited by the sacrifice, but for *our* benefit. When He says, "Give, and it shall be given to you;" it is all because He wants to give. He kept the Jews giving the first and the best of their possessions, so He could bestow great blessings upon them, and He did so bless them when they brought their offerings. It was all for their profit. God did not need their gifts, they needed to give, so that they would recognize their Father, His goodness, and His claims upon them. God can do great things for us, when we recognize Him as the giver of what we possess. We soon forget His claims upon us unless we meet them. Let a man go on to a farm, or into a house, and live without paying rent, and he will by and by claim

it as his own. God required the Jews to give constantly for their profit. He did not need their gifts nor their service. He required them as a kind, loving Father for their good. He wants us to make the most of ourselves. When He tells us to do for His sake, it is that we may have the benefit of doing for Him. When He hedges up our way, it is to keep us from destruction. There is not a precept commanded, not a threat given, not a duty enjoined, not a prohibition, but for our good. When He says, "Search the Scriptures as for hid treasures," it is for our highest profit. When He says, "Pray always," it is a rich Father saying "I have plenty, and want to give: come ask." It is as if a kind king said to a beggar, "I have everything you need: come, ask, and I will give it you." O, we talk of the *duty* of reading the Bible and of prayer, as if there were compulsion about it. How strange.

The text declares that God is teaching us to profit. Jesus says, "Follow me;" not that He needs followers, but we need a Guide. But some say, "I suppose I *ought* to follow Him." What if you found a lost man in the woods or on the prairie, half starved, and you bade him follow you to his home, and he should say, "I suppose that I *ought* to follow you."

God never enjoins a duty that is not for your profit; yes, even *here*. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of this life and that which is to come." God is teaching you how to make the most of your time, of your talents, of yourself. If there were no future, it is profitable to obey Him. We are down in a horrible pit. He puts a ladder down for our escape. True, it lands us in heaven; but if it did not, it is better to be out of the pit. If a Christian found himself no better off as to another world, he is better off in this. If religion is the only antidote to sin, it is better to possess it, if only for this life. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness." It is a "highway."

And the strictness of rules for us are *kind*. We poor erring creatures would destroy ourselves if we had our liberty. We will thank God for these *shalls*. He takes off responsibility from us. A captain feels relief when he turns over his ship to the pilot.

We have simply to obey orders, as soldiers obey their commanders. The terms are kind: "Except a man forsake all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Those are kind terms; they are necessary. Surrender yourself to be led—then God will lead you. Subordinate your wills, your judgment, your all to Him. We have an all-wise Leader. "He leadeth by the way that we should go." God's people do not always see it. Joseph, Daniel, and the three Hebrews were tried, but God was leading them in the best way. All responsibility is off from us.

Please your Father. This is the truth taught in Christ's sermon on the mount. When you give, or fast, or pray, or whatever you do, do all to please your Father. Just keep your eye single to please Him. Take no thought about eating or what you shall wear. Just let your request be known to God. "Be careful for nothing" God wants to keep your feet clear up on the highway. He wants to let you ride on high places, and give you honey from the rocks and milk and butter, and the finest of the wheat.

He wants to treat you as princes. "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice—and be not conformed to this world, but transformed—that ye *may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God.*" God wants to shew His good will. O, such a loving Father!

He never asks you to do aught that is not for your profit. To go around duty is to go around a blessing.

Does any one ask how we may know duty? Some are so plain, you have only to open your Bibles and read, and it would be an insult to ask man or God, what was meant. If one sins, he is to confess it, to come out from the world, to unite with the Church, to be baptized. To inquire what Jesus means by "be baptized ——." To pretend you do not know whether John Baptist just moistened his fingers, or went down into the river ——. Some duties are settled—we have only to open the Bible to ascertain them—but there are others we are to inquire about. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." "Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He will direct thy steps." "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." Be honest in asking direction. When convinced what is right, follow your convictions. Some consult the Lord as Balaam did, determined to go their own way. Don't ask unless you are willing to follow His guidance.

Now, brethren, I want you to believe the text: "I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit." Recognize God as a loving Father, and when He says, pray, come ask; He has something to give. When He says, "Search the Scriptures," search diligently. He has deposited treasures there for you to obtain. He has given it to be a "lamp to your feet, a light to your path." When He says, thou shalt do no work on the Sabbath, nor thy beast; He is providing rest for you—giving the time needed for your soul. When He says, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," He is teaching thee to profit. He says, you can't afford it. You cannot afford to be so occupied with secular business as to forsake the meetings of the

brethren. Time spent in religion is time spent to profit. Time spent in the closet, in family prayer, and in social prayer, is time spent to profit.

Money giving is profitable. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Giving to the poor is lending to the Lord. He will repay again." Then you are at once benefited. Give the poor man a coat, or give him bread, you are blessed in the act. "The poor ye have with you always." We need while gathering in from men with one hand, to give out with the other. Giving to benefit others, we benefit ourselves. Who enjoys money? The miser who hordes it up? He is the miserable man.

Some think if the Church had a fund to draw upon for the support of their poor, it would be better than collections, but this would rob you of a blessing. God could provide for the poor without us, and for the churches, but He has given that work to us. Let us co-operate. Giving is enjoined upon us. Others might as well do our praying, as do our giving.

JOHN, iii : 7: "*Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.*"

A RULER, Nicodemus, came to Christ for instruction; not openly, but by night. He immediately acknowledges Christ as teacher, and Jesus begins to enlighten him. He states plainly to him, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus marveled. He could not understand the new birth. Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Water is a symbol of cleansing. When baptized, we declare we have been cleansed from sin. Baptism symbolizes a change of heart. A washing away of sin. A resurrection, "Buried with Christ in baptism and risen again." The heart is first cleansed, then the body is washed, as a symbol of the cleansing.

Nicodemus knew about baptism, but the new birth was a strange doctrine. Jesus says it is a necessity. "Except a man be born again, he *cannot* see the kingdom of God." It is not—he *shall* not, but he *cannot*. He has no eyes for seeing it. Lead a blind man out into a city; he cannot see the stately edifices and the elegant mansions. They are as nothing to him. Lead him into an art gallery; he cannot see the works of art. Lead a deaf man into an orchestra; he *cannot* hear the beautiful music.

Fish cannot live as birds; their element is water. They would die if brought into the air. So the sinner could not live in heaven. The atmosphere of heaven is not his element. He don't enjoy religious people if near him. He does not enjoy religion in wife, children, or neighbors. Does not enjoy the prayer meeting, or religious talk. How can he endure heaven? God says, "Ye *must* be born again," in order to enter heaven. Except you are, you cannot see it; would have no appreciation of it.

There are two states of existence, two lives—the fleshly and the spiritual. They are opposed to each other. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." A child resembles his parent, partakes of the same

nature. "All flesh has corrupted its way on the earth." All who are born of flesh are sinful. They must be regenerated all through. Must be born of the Spirit.

The flesh-born life is earthly. The Spirit-born life is heavenly. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them." The carnal mind is at enmity with God, cannot please God, or be pleased with God. Christ's coming to earth shows the enmity of the natural man to God. They hated Him, and put Him to death. You, who are unregenerate, may think you have not the same spirit, but you are worse than they. They had not one half the evidence concerning Christ that you have. You assent to His divinity. O, to treat with indifference such a Being with all your knowledge, is worse than the treatment the Jews gave Him.

There is but one way of saving man, regenerate him. Putting him in heaven, does not save him; but putting the Spirit of Heaven into the man. He must be born of the Spirit of God. He must become a child; must say, Abba, Father. Have you that spirit of heaven within you, that new birth? Nature can only be implanted by birth. You may act child-like, that does not make you a child. You may know the rules of the royal prince, that does not make you a prince. You must be born a child. Man says—walk as a son, and by and by you will be a son. God's order is, become a son, then walk as a son.

Nicodemus paid a most beautiful compliment to Christ. "We know Thou art a teacher come from God." Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, (you may compliment, but) ye must be born again." That which is born of the flesh is flesh. Human nature is the same. Culture it; it is still human nature. Water never rises above its source. Thorns do not produce grapes, nor thistles figs, nor does a bitter fountain send forth sweet water. The nature must be changed; must have a capacity for spiritual things. If a man is born blind, he cannot enjoy light nor colors. He cannot discover any beauty in them.

A man may know as much as Nicodemus of the doctrines of the Bible; he may reverence sacred things, but he "*must be born again.*" This is the condition of salvation. It may be called by different names. Baptism symbolizes it.

Before you can see heaven you must have an eye to see it; a spiritual eye. Before I became a son, I could only appreciate earthly things. Could not be a partaker of the heavenly. There are but two families—two natures.

It is sad to think how many, religiously brought up, are going to fail of heaven; are going to have their place with murderers, with the vile, with outcasts.

The change is a mysterious one. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Man has a new eye, a new heart. "Old things are passed away, all things are become new." "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

But what must the sinner do to have this change? *Look to Jesus.* "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life." Ask the millions who have experienced the change.

Looking to the cross softens the heart; subdues it. The cross has the greatest moral power. Then the Spirit convicts of sin. Man then wants a new heart, a new nature. He wants not heaven so much as the fitness for heaven.

When the sinner dies, he often cries to God to save him. But he wants heaven, not holiness. Like an arrested criminal, he wants to escape punishment.

Now, the question is, "Have I this new heart?" If an angel were to come in here, and point out those who were born again, would he include me? If I die this night, who will claim me? You will *die.* Would you be prepared? "*Ye must be born again*"

O, that I could write on every heart, on the walls of your bed chamber, over every door, in flaming characters on the heavens, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He never can see it.

This change must take place soon, if ever. Can you trifle with it?

How can you escape if you neglect it? I warn you, *prepare.*

My skirts shall be free.

II Timothy, 2 : 4: "*No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.*"

THE Bible does not read like any other book. Its style is inimitable. It cannot be counterfeited. It cannot be added to. Skillful geniuses have tried to imitate its style, but the bungling hand was apparent and betrayed the designer.

When God speaks, He speaks to the eye, to the ear, to the heart, to the soul, to the whole man. He speaks in the most telling manner. It comes with an illustration so apt, so forcible, so startling. Truth flashes with something of the vividness of lightning. It is well that it should be so; we are so dead, it would not impress us otherwise. It is most difficult to lodge religious truth in the heart.

The Bible would be read much less, were it not for its vivid imagery. It is like "apples of gold, in pictures of silver." Every vocation is put under tribute, to help convey religious truth. In the text, military life is seized upon. The Christian is likened to a soldier. It is a wonderful parallel. The Christian life is a warfare. It is aggressive and defensive. Paul says, "Put ye on the whole armour of God;" "Fight the good fight of faith;" "Be steadfast;" "Endure as good soldiers;" "Stand fast, quit you like men, be strong." Paul, dying, shouts, "I have fought the good fight."

Now the text enjoins upon us,—do not allow business to interfere with your vocation, as a soldier of Jesus. A true soldier seeks to please his commander. It is the one idea of his life. He is identified with him; bound up in him; lost in him; his will controls him, as the machine is controlled by the mind which employs it. This is the highest perfection of the soldier. He must go as the cannon ball; you may send them with deadly force upon the enemy, or you may wheel them as trucks.

When we hear that an army is demoralized, we know that its soldiers are disobedient, cowardly, and of no use in the fight.

No discipline is so rigid as army discipline. It is a necessity. All concede it. The general must have perfect control. The soldier cuts himself loose from his own affairs. He does not entangle himself with them. His own interests never come into account. He leaves father, wife, children, farm, store; he is dead to them all. He listens only to his commander.

Such are Christ's terms: "Except a man forsake father and mother, wife and children, houses and lands, he cannot be my disciple;" "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me;" "Except a man hate father and mother, wife and children, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." One said, I will enlist if I can go home first, and bid farewell to my family. Jesus answered him, "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Another said, I will follow thee if I can go first and bury my father. Jesus said to him, "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead."

When our Governor called for soldiers, in the late rebellion, thousands dropped all to enlist in the army. They identified themselves with the cause and with their commander. They were the right kind of soldiers. They left all for the soldier life. Half way service don't do in a soldier. It invites defeat. "I would ye were cold or hot," said Jesus. Better lay off the uniform, than wear it and be half hearted. "Why halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, serve Him." "If it seem evil to you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Cut yourself loose from the affairs of this life. No true soldier will be entangled with them. He is not carrying on business and serving as a soldier at the same time.

Paul said, "One thing I do." So should every Christian say. Jesus charged his disciples, "Take no thought what ye shall eat or wear, seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." No other General makes such an offer as this. They demand the single aim, renunciation.

How much better to be a soldier of Christ, than of any other leader. He is able to fulfill all that he promises. He does fulfill. He never gives unwise orders. He never blunders; earthly captains do. He guarantees victory. He goes before His soldiers in the battle. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against him." He has provided an armour of defense which has never been penetrated; a sword with two edges which never fails in combat. And he is near enough to help when the battle is severe. He promises, "I will help you."

All the hosts of Heaven are allied under Christ. Paul calls it a "good fight." It is, but it is difficult to make all to see it. Military life does not wear an attractive look. It is not inviting. We have associated it with hardship, trials, denials, camping, forced marches, wet or cold, but there is grandeur in it seen only by soldiers.

In Paul's time, nearly all were familiar with the soldier's life. It did not belittle a man to be a soldier, to lose self in the soldier, to lose all rights to move, except as he was bidden. There was nothing slavish about it. To be able to surrender self, to give up home, friends, lands; to subordinate all, was not slavish. To take what comes, without a murmur, to put soul into it all; if his body is rolled into a ditch, or is trampled on, no matter. It is the cause that absorbs him; the commander whom he is to please. There is something grand about such a life.

But what so grand as to put one's self under the leadership of Christ—wholly under Him, asking no question but what are the orders. If they are for him to march through fire, if to scale heights, or to rush upon battalions, he has only to obey. No self is to be thought of. Did the world ever witness a grander sight than Paul, pressing his way through persecution, shipwreck and all perils, under his great leader? What Sunday-school teacher that is not stirred to enthusiasm by his life? "For me to live is Christ," he says. He made prisons vocal with praise. "I am not my own," he declares. His enemies could not understand him. He spake with such enthusiasm, they said he was mad. He moved as if he belonged to a conquering army, amid eclat and shouts of victory. When enemies seized the old man and chained him, does he pine for freedom? He shouts as he starts to the block, "I have fought a good fight."

O, to be a soldier under such a Leader. Paul was not entangled with the affairs of this life. His motto was, "If I may please Christ." "If I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended." This was the only thing that concerned him. Self was out of the question. Self was dead.

How grand and glorious is such a life. Not even asking, will I be happier, or will it be better for me. One question only, will it please Christ. It is said Napoleon's body guard would die for him. An approving word was more cherished than aught else. Thousands and tens of thousands have followed Christ thus, and now, could you see all, you would see a host of devoted followers. It is not only missionaries that are faithful soldiers, but thousands toiling in obscurity. Some are persecuted by husbands or by parents, and endure manfully. This spirit

has not left the earth, though very many who profess to be soldiers, know nothing of it.

O, how many want Christ to please them, to make them happy, to prosper them, to give them friends, health, life, comforts! This is what they pray for, think of, talk of. They have no higher ideas of discipleship. They want their heaven now, and all the way. Their one idea is, Master, try and please me; give me all worldly pleasures, all good things. Let me live in a garden of roses; let me sleep on downy pillows; keep angels guarding me; keep away calamities from me; then I will praise Thee. Let earth and heaven contribute to me. Then, Lord, in the day of judgment, I will say, "Well done, Lord, good and faithful." "Then I will praise thee." Multitudes have everything reversed. All their ideas are changed about. Could you hear more prayers that are offered, you would not hear, "How can I please thee," but "Lord please me;" not "What can I do for thee," but "Lord, do for me."

There are these two classes. One is trying to please Christ, and say, "Savior, I own thy right to every service I can pay." "What is my being, but for thee." The other class like to think of Christ serving them. The souls of one class are keyed up to the music of heaven. The other is still on earth, and keyed to its music. There is heavenly symphony in the utterances of one. The other is only the phonics of earth. O, the difference!

To be swayed by love; nothing makes one so heroic. Man is more than a man then. His own life is lost in that of his leader. Paul was a mystery. They said he was beside himself. He was constrained by love. "For we judge that Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again."

Some go dragging self to service; others go bounding to it. Self is dead with them. No matter what trials come. They take pleasure in stripes; take it as an honor to bear them; a privilege.

David was thirsty, and longed for water from the wells of Bethlehem. Three soldiers cut through the foe, and brought him the water. They were insensible to danger in their devotion to him.

This loving service gives a celestial impassivity. Paul would never have mentioned the troubles he had experienced, the whippings, etc., had they not compelled him. So little did he think of them.

See what a soldier will endure. He will fall on the field and say, "Don't mind me." Will raise up on his elbows to watch the battle. Then he will submit to surgery, will give up a limb

without complaint. So the Christian is toned up to endure hardship for Christ's sake. When the soldier enlisted he put self into his enlistment and life. So does the Christian.

The soldier don't surrender his manhood, he takes on manhood. So with the Christian. O, to be a Christian soldier, under such a Leader, with such a cause to fight for, and such motives for devotion. Now, I beg of you, put self wholly on the Lord's side. Cut loose from the world. Let the one motive be to please Christ. Don't say this is a hard life to live. No, no; every other life is hard; every other life is a failure.

The great day for military review is coming. We shall be there. On the 4th of July, there used to be held reviews. I have seen what some of you never saw, or will see. A few old Revolutionary soldiers, with tottering steps, would head the procession. Then they would be seated on the rostrum with the speakers. As the speaker rehearsed the battles of the Revolution, and pointed to the scarred veterans, how their eyes would flash. How proud they were.

A grander review is coming. If we shall stand with our Captain, all scarred from the battle field, will not our eyes kindle with happiness, as our Captain recognizes us and our service?

Be not entangled with the affairs of this life. Please your Captain. Put your soul into this fight. Identify yourself with the cause. O, it is such an honor to be in such a war, with such a Captain, and with such allies.

These weak, indifferent professors that want ease, pleasures, amusements, follies, will be ashamed by and by. Asking how many pleasures can I have? Can I dance? Can I go to balls? Can I frolic with the godless world? What low ideas of their calling. How can you claim to be Christ's, who thus hanker for worldly pleasures?

It makes me sad to see how some live and yet expect heaven. They expect Jesus will say to them, "Well done," when they meet Him. It would be false.

Be on one side or the other. If Christ's, seek to please Him.

COLOSSIANS, iii: 3-4: "*Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.*"

THE Scriptures often represent us as "crucified with Christ," when in Christ. I was formerly perplexed to know why we were so often represented as dead, crucified, and therefore the law had no more claims upon us. Now, what is the penalty of sin? Death. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." There is but one plea then that can be made, that will exempt from the penalty. If I can say, "I am dead," I am free. The law has no more claim upon me. No other plea avails. That is our plea. A dead man is free from the law. We are dead with Christ, identified with Him. "But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held." "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection." This is what we declare in baptism. We are passed beyond death, on the resurrection side.

You see the meaning of the text. "Ye are dead, etc." Your life is identified with Christ's life. But there is meaning in the word "hid," i. e., out of sight. The Christian life is a hidden life. Its sources, its springs are invisible; hence the life is hidden. The world do not know of the Christian's life. It is a mystery—the motives, meaning, and the end of that life. In heaven it is understood. Worldly men comprehend each other, but do not comprehend the Christian. Jesus said, "Ye are not of the world." "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own." "The world knoweth us not because it knew Him not."

Jesus was not known. There were all sorts of opinions about Him. They were all the time disputing about Him. He cared nothing for their opinions, their favors, honors, or their

riches. He made no distinctions on account of these things; considerations which swayed others had no influence with Him. They stood confounded before such a life. It baffled their comprehension; it has ever since. He is a living mystery—the wonder of the world. He moved on another plane from theirs, lived another life, was governed by other motives. His enemies said, "Never man spake like this man."

So they stood confounded before the disciples. Some said they were mad; they were called crazy and drunk. Some said, "The gods had come down in the likeness of men." Some said they were possessed of evil spirits. Paul said, "Love constrains us," but they could not understand that. "They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." When they suffered they "rejoiced;" when they were whipped they "bore the marks of the Lord Jesus;" when reproached they were happy; when dying they spent their last breath in prayer for their enemies. They told them that they were new creatures; that what they once loved, they now hated. They said, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth within me." "We no longer live to ourselves, but to Christ." The world did not understand them. They never have, nor can. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." "They are not in the flesh, but in the spirit." No man knoweth the mind of God. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." "They that are after the flesh mind the things of the flesh."

It is a heavenly life. The natural man has no eyes for it. The spiritual sight is paralyzed. "Except a man be born again, he *cannot see* the kingdom of God." As soon as he is converted, all is clear.

Converts tell of their delights. The world don't understand them. Sinners think religion is to be endured. They talk of what they must give up. They can't give up their amusements. They don't realize that their tastes will be changed, if really converted. That the prayer meeting will be dearer than worldly pleasures. They think it hard to pray and to speak in the meeting, but when converted, their delight is in these things.

Christians are partakers of the Divine nature, as a branch partakes of the vine. "He is our life." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear." It is Christ in you that lives. "No longer I, but Christ." "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." There is no parallel between the two. No copying of one from the other. It is "Ye in me, I in you." The life of Jesus is made manifest in His body, the church.

His word falls in the heart, and produces His life. It is seed. You plant a seed; it hides an invisible flower. The seed of a fruit tree contains the invisible tree; by and by it is a tree loaded with fruit. The invisible seed or root determines the fruit. So the Christian's life springs from the hidden life. As you look at fruit, you may not think of the seed or root from which it sprung.

We are not copyists. The life of the copyist may resemble the real life, as a painted tree the real tree. But how different the real tree; its roots by the rivers, its leaves green, and branches laden with fruit. Some are copying Christ. Have no hidden spring within them. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in me."

O, this abiding in Christ. All vitality comes from Him; all our springs are in Him; our lives blend with His. When we labor, "we labor in the Lord." When we walk, we walk with the Lord. When we eat and drink, it is in the Lord. When we die, we sleep in Jesus. When we rise it is in Jesus, and to be forever with Him.

But there is another sense in which it is true that our life is hid. It is made over to Christ. He has received it. We commit the keeping of our souls to Him for safety, as we hide a treasure in a secure place. No one can obtain it unless they get it from its hiding-place. Men may rob you of what you have by you; they may break into your house, or stop you on the highway. But as you deposit in a bank, there you leave it. So in the text, "Our life is hid with Christ." He has it. The robber must get it from Him.

The text says, "When He appears, then shall we also appear with Him in glory." This is the reason the Bible speaks so positively. It never intimates that there is any uncertainty. "I know in whom I have believed." The Bible speaks of the believer as saved. Calls them saints, holy, sanctified. "Now are ye sons;" "He that believeth on the Son *hath* life;" "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;" "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" "None shall pluck them out of my hand;" "Because I live ye shall live also;" "We are kept by the power of God;" "I pray not for the world, but for these that thou hast given me."

The Bible argues our safety always from Christ's ability, and character, and position and purpose. "He is able to save to the uttermost;" "Who shall separate us from His love?" "I am persuaded that neither heighth nor depth, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus;" "Who is he that condemneth since Christ hath died for us?" "If

any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father;" "Our hope is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast;" "We are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise till the redemption." The day of redemption is coming, when all that is promised will be received. He has promised to keep us—our life—till he appears. He has given us the earnest—the Holy Spirit—as a pledge. A check when presented at the bank ensures payment. So the Holy Spirit is the check upon the treasures of heaven. Text says, "When He appears, we shall appear with Him." We cannot keep ourselves. We have neither ability nor stability. If there was any dependence on us, we should fail. If the soul is once committed to God, it is safe. Many profess to be Christ's, to whom He will say, "I never knew you." They never renounced self as dead.

We live not unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us. "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord." Our life is identified with His. "When He appears, we shall appear with Him." He is our life; He is our death. His death is for us, and His life is for us.

If God comes and asks us, "Where art thou?" and we can say "In Christ," then "Shall we appear with Him in glory." He is showing the glory now to them who are with Him. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou has given me, be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory."

O, the weight of glory which awaits us. Words are heaped up to describe it. It is a *weight* of glory, an *eternal* weight, an *exceeding* and eternal weight, a *more* exceeding, "*a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*"

How safe we are when committed to Christ. "He is able to keep that which is committed to Him." "When He shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory."

Now, recognize Christ's death as yours, as real.

II Corinthians, iv: 17, 18: "*For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.*"

AFFLICTIONS are not always blessed to the good of the afflicted. They do not always work out glory for us. All depends on where we are looking. "While we look at the things which are unseen." Do you ask, how look on things that are unseen? The eye was made to behold visible things. How see invisible things? The eye cannot. It is material; it sees only material objects. You may bring a telescope to aid your sight, still it will reveal only material objects. The microscope only reveals minute forms of matter. But the soul has an eye independent of the bodily eye. That may be sealed, and we yet see with the soul's eye.

Man has a spiritual nature. It communes with spiritual things, and sees spiritual things. The real man, the self, is spiritual. The real life is spiritual. The real world is unseen, spiritual. The material eye is temporal; sees only temporal things. The material eye will soon close in death, and all that is material will fade away, but the spiritual will continue. The material heavens will by and by be rolled together as a scroll, and the earth and all therein be burned, but the spiritual Heaven, where God dwells and where the saints dwell, will remain.

Men act as if they saw the real; as if the unseen was the unreal. Sin has made us carnal. Carnal wants absorb us. Physical comforts engross our attention. What shall we eat? What shall we wear? It is hard to believe that these things are only shadows; that the body is but a casket.

The soul-life has little attention. God asks, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Man gathers material together, stone and brick, and builds him a house. He thinks that is real. He does not realize that it is unsubstantial; that he is building another—character—which will endure forever. Every word, act, thought, goes into that building. How little thought he gives to that building.

God says, lay not up for yourselves treasures where you can see them, on earth.

What a man sows, that shall he reap. The farmer realizes this, but he is sowing to earthly things, and he will reap earthly things. O, to see a man bending every energy for earthly treasures. How low is such a life. Living as if there were no eye but the natural; as if there were no light but the natural light; living as if there were no Heaven.

'Tis sad to see an eagle with its wings broken, walking the earth, instead of soaring into the skies. When man sinned, he fell from spiritual to earthly. His faith wings were broken. He goes trudging along with his eyes upon the earth. The Bible calls us to the life of faith—to live by faith—to keep the eye on things invisible. There are many advantages of such a life. The text names one. "Our light afflictions, etc." If we look at things not seen, then afflictions will work out a weight of glory for us. If we take our eyes off from this world, off from our troubles, and fix them on unseen things; if we view this life in its relation to the life to come; this world in its relation to the unseen world; if we dwell on the eternal glory beyond, these afflictions will seem light and but for a moment, but if we look on this life as the all, they seem heavy and of long duration.

He who uttered the text could speak as few men could. He had been in prison, had been beaten with rods, had been stoned, had suffered shipwreck, had been in weariness, in hunger, in cold and nakedness. He could name such a catalogue of sufferings, yet he could say these light afflictions. What made them seem light? He had an eye on glory. What made them seem short? "I reckon that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed."

The Christian can take sorrow out of his trials, by keeping his eye on the glory beyond. This will take the sting all away from reproach, calumny, and hate. Keeping the eye on the great glory awaiting us, will make afflictions seem light. Keeping the eye on the eternity of glory will make them seem short. Some have never learned the philosophy of happy living, extracting pleasure from misfortunes, rejoicing in the Lord under all circumstances, taking trials as a tonic, a medicine that cures, tones up the system. It may be a little bitter in the lips, but exhilarates when taken.

The text don't say afflictions always seem light. That depends on the eye. It don't say they always seem short. That depends on where we are looking. Keep the eye right, and all is working in our interest.

"Look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen." The apostles gloried in tribulation. James says, "Count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations." "Blessed is the man that endureth temptations." Only keep your eye on the future life, and you can say "all things are ours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come." O, this looking at the things of this world in the light of eternity. All depends on this. Sorrows are light or short when we are looking Heavenward. It is a panacea for all our ills. "Set your affections upon things above," "Lay up your treasures in heaven."

But notice that you utilize affliction by this spiritual sight. They enrich you. They are not joys themselves, but they work out joy. They work in your interest as nothing else can. The early church coveted afflictions. "We glory in tribulations." Nothing does so much for us. Mark the 17th verse: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Glory is undefinable. It expresses something beyond our conception. Afflictions beautify some here. They qualify for Heaven. No crown in Heaven is brighter than that worn by those who come up out of great tribulation.

Then there will be rewards to those who suffer patiently. The grandest workers are those who preach from beds of sorrow. No sermons are so effective. The highest rewards are for such sufferers. The grandest life is that which rejoices in God in the midst of tribulation. Music is always sweetest in the night. Light is brightest when it peers through rifted clouds. The grandest sunset is the cloud reflected

The one thing, the secret, is to keep the eye off from things temporal, and on eternal things. Then you have the balances, and the weights of eternity in your hand. If troubles come, you weigh them by these scales, and say they are light. If sufferings come, you say they are short. You estimate correctly. This living in sight of Heaven, in the presence of God, of Christ, of the angels, and of saints; this is what gives us correct views of life. We are to do everything as if the Lord was at hand; as if saints and angels were looking on.

"Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race which is set before us." Run as if you knew the eyes of all Heaven were upon you. We do not see this cloud of witnesses, but they see us. The Spiritual Kingdom encompasses us. We are in it. Did we realize this, we should gather inspiration from it. God's hosts are about us, invisible but real. When foes came on Elisha in great numbers, he was not afraid, but said,

"More are they that be with us, than they that be against us." Elisha had his spiritual eye open. He saw the invisible hosts, chariots of fire, and horses of fire about him. So we are to see God's hosts about us. We are to believe this.

The spiritual is the real. How long will men be deluded, and put temporal things above the eternal; natural above the spiritual; material above the immaterial; visible above the invisible? How long walk in a vain show? Soon we shall find that the invisible world is the real. Wealth is not a real possession. Greatness is what a man is in himself, the invisible forces of character. Things that are coarse enough to be seen by the natural eye, are not the real.

The higher life is a life of faith; the higher communion is with the unseen; the higher walk is the walk with God.

Bear in mind, this life is a preparation for the future life. Whatever prepares us for that is a blessing to us. Paul expected soon to depart and be with Christ. This sustained him. We are to draw from heaven our inspiration. We are to live in heaven now; let heavenly radiance be shed all over this life. Then we shall walk in sunshine.

We shall soon understand the meaning of the text. O, to learn it before it is too late!

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